# John Davis Lodge Tells Hard Work Side of Screen Life in Hollywood

## Mixing Art and Business Produces Queer Types and Labors—Still Infant Industry

*(This is the third and final article in a series in which John Davis Lodge, grandson of the late U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, reviews his experience in Hollywood's motion picture life for readers of the Boston Sunday Advertiser. He studied at Harvard Law School after his graduation from Harvard College. He answered the call of the movies last September, and has not regretted his choice.)*

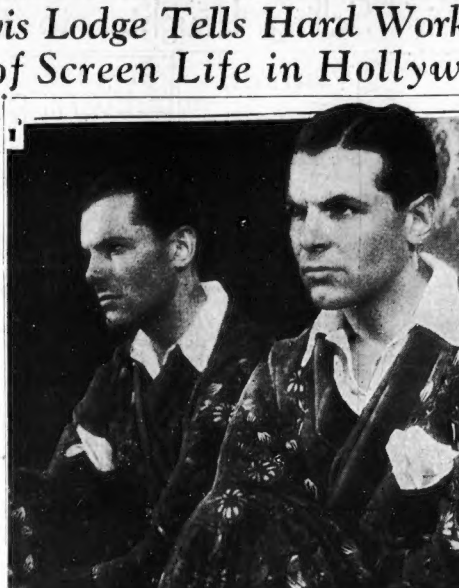
By JOHN DAVIS LODGE

In this, my final article on my Hollywood experiences, I feel that in justice to Hollywood, even though I were not now a member of the moving picture colony, I would be constrained to raise my voice to dispel utterly distorted pictures Easterners may have of the place.

To an Easterner, Hollywood is a land of enormous salaries, extravagance, waste, glamour and fast life. This impression has been grossly exaggerated by writings and utterances of publicity-seeking individuals, ignorant of the real facts.

Hollywood, in my opinion, has been outrageously libelled, vilified and damned by those who seek notoriety at the expense of the good name of others.

I have lived here since last September. I have come into intimate and daily contact with members of the movie colony. And I can say with some little authority that most of the tales about Hollywood are, at best, only half truths, luridly colored by distorted imaginations.



*A STRIKING STUDY of John Davis Lodge, in Hollywood style, showing the writer, grandson of the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in an artistic screen test.*

### *Deeply Interested*

It has been my good fortune to meet practically all the leading artists in Hollywood. I have found them, generally speaking, to be a friendly, hard-working and extremely hospitable group.

They are deeply interested in their work, and when they relax they are as dignified and decorous in social affairs as any group of artists or business people in the East.

I often wonder if those who vilify Hollywood do so from a motive of sordid gain.

Before passing judgment upon the movies, or the artists who make them, it would be well to remember that motion pictures and their making are quite different from running a shoe shop or an automobile business. Making motion pictures is a business. But it is also an art. Whenever you try to wed business to art, there are bound to arise many problems.

Artists are temperamental. They do not share the same psychology as those to whom the motion pictures are a business. There are bound to be temperamental outbursts when you consider that many of the artists have to spend days and weeks of patient and exacting labor in one of the most difficult of all the arts, acting.

### *20,000 "Extras"*

One of the most pathetic sights I have seen around studios is the large class of "extras," men and women who stand at the gate of film fame, but who are destined never to enter. There are about 20,000 "extras" in Hollywood.

And while I am on this subject let me say a word to those who dream of arriving at fame through the movies. Good looks today are practically nothing in the pictures. Screen personality, that elusive some thing, is the essential thing.

Were a girl as handsome as could be imagined, but lacking in her personality, she can never hope for screen success. And were a man endowed, not only in appearance, but devoid of screen personality, he would be more certain of success if he devoted his strength to manual labor.

To those who think the life of a motion picture actor is one of ease, of rich financial rewards and nation-wide opportunity, let me say this: For every minute of fleeting fame, there has been expended an hour of hard work and mental agony. For every dollar earned, there is a thousand dollars of worry spent.

Let me take the reader from behind the screen that separates Hollywood and its people from the rest of the world. Here we find that every studio is a little community in itself. Each community has its list of stars. Each its horde of "extras."

Here are meets persons from the four corners of the globe. Here we find members of the nobility, especially of Russia, together with former residents of, perhaps, the East Side slums whom fortune has lifted to stardom.

### *Many Diverse Types*

One finds in Hollywood, perhaps, the greatest number of diverse types that could be found anywhere in the world. Here we find business men, bankers, war heroes, aviators, stars of the athletic world, members of society, in fact, practically every type of human being one could find if he roamed the world over.

I find that meeting so many different types is an education in itself. I am delighted and interested to meet a newcomer in the colony. One can learn almost as much from a year's stay in Hollywood as one could from ten years of foreign travel.

I have touched upon the good side of Hollywood. It would be fair to mention the bad features. Those we find in persons, we can excuse because of the type of work they do and because of the fact that artists can never be forced always to remain confined by the narrow borders of convention.

About the defects of production, the criticism of poor pictures, the attacks made on the producers for alleged lack of critical judgment. Let me remind the reader that the motion picture industry grew from infancy to a giant stature almost over night. Maturity of judgment cannot come that quickly.

Given time, the motion picture industry will become the source of untold good in educational and artistic development of the country. Many defects have been eliminated from the industry. I am confident that all defects will ultimately be removed, as far as it is humanly possible to do so.

### *Rough 'Stuff" Is Real*

A subject which always interested me before coming to Hollywood was whether or not the realistic scenes of the pictures were ever "faked." Let me say from personal experience, that I have had to learn how to engage in a free-for-all fight which would qualify me for membership in a gas-house gang. I have been forced to block punches which, if they landed, would have separated me from consciousness. I have had to learn how to fall downstairs without breaking my neck.

Doubles, of course, are employed where a special talent, not possessed by the leading actor, was required. A real aviator, perhaps a war ace, would thus be employed to play the part in an air battle that an ordinary actor would be unable to play. But for the most part, actors play their own parts, and often nurse bumps and bruises as a result.

I have paid my humble tribute in previous articles to some of the leading actors and actresses of screenland. But I should like to mention two artists in their line—Harry Carey and Wally Westmore. They are the men who contriform the features of an angel into those of a demon with terrifying reality.

Hollywood is a place where many fads are born, and where they die before the rest of the world has caught up with them. As far as the fad of women wearing men's clothes goes, I give my views in the words of Abraham Lincoln who said about something similar: "It is the kind of a thing a man likes who likes that kind of a thing."

# Flash Auto Grilles Go

By ROBERT M. ROSS
*Universal Service Automobile Editor*

Detroit, April 15—Elimination of chromium from the radiator shell stands as one of the major style developments of the new automobile.

Ren started the mode on its 1931 cars. Packard adopted the painted shell for its 1932 models. Ford's original V-8's appeared with the same change. General Motors joined the swing this year over its complete line. The latest Plymouth carries the feature. Other manufacturers, who offer the painting as optional, report a trend in that direction.

The reason is primarily the conservativeness of the retail market and the general admission by designers that, with the bright grilles, cars were getting much glitter "out front." Also, the painted shell adds to the apparent length of the model and fits into the general ensemble of solid blends that have been dominant in the color scheme.

### *Course on Diesel Engines to Begin*

A course of lectures on Diesel engines will be inaugurated by Myron S. Huckle next Tuesday night at the Commander Hotel, Cambridge. The lectures will be given weekly and prominent Diesel engineers will be heard in the series, which will include a shop course.

Mr. Huckle is instructor in Diesel engines at M. I. T., a former instructor in thermodynamics at Harvard and teacher for the Massachusetts Department of Education as well as a member of national engineering societies.

# Tours Set to to See Cherry Tree Blooms

"Cherry blossom tours" to Washington from Boston are offered weekly by the Merchants & Miners line for this wonderful spectacle along the Potomac river. Blossoms of Japanese cherry trees transforming the banks of the Potomac into a fairyland, attract thousands of tourists every spring.

Special trips for golfers to Virginia Beach, with three days of golf at Cavalier hotel and Princess Anne Country Club, may be included in the itinerary.

### *Italian Line Adds New Tourist Class*

The Italian Line will feature during the 1933 season a new type of restricted tourist class accommodations on all ships of its famous transatlantic fleet. The company has converted the luxurious second class accommodations on special sailings this spring and summer to tourist class.

Italian liners on which the new type of restricted tourist class will be carried include the famous Rex and Conte gi Savoia, as well as the Augustus, Duilio, Giulio Cesare, Roma, Saturnia and Vulcania.

### *British Train to Be Exhibited in Boston*

The "Royal Scot" train, which is to be exhibited at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, will be seen in Boston for a day or two prior to the opening of the exposition. Local arrangements for inspection of the British railway flier will be in charge of A. H. Seavey, assistant passenger traffic manager of the New Haven railroad. The train holds the world's record non-stop run from London to Glasgow, a distance of 400 miles.

# Ask Realty TaxChange

Changing of the tax assessment date for real estate from April 1 to January 1 was yesterday advocated by the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange. The change would be operative in all cities and towns of the state.

The exchange also went on record as favoring a uniform interest charge of five per cent on all overdue taxes. Cities and towns now are permitted by law to charge six per cent interest on overdue taxes up to $200 and eight per cent on all taxes in excess of $200.

Both changes endorsed by the Exchange are incorporated in Senate Bill No. 1235, now before the committee of ways and means, and Marshall R. Pihl, legislative counsel for the real estate organization, was directed to appear before the committee in favor of the bill.

### *Bay State Farms Reported in Sales*

Farm sales reported by E. A. Strout included the following:

Fifteen acres near Milford sold for J. J. Maroney to R. D. and E. A. Stone of Willimantic, Ct.; 40 acres near Northbridge, sold for G. A. Whitney to Mrs. L. R. Crandon of Boston; property near Shirley, Mass., sold for W. E. and W. Rageuse to Mrs. A. G. Hazelton of Reading; 47 acres near South Deerfield sold for George Gabriel to B. Kleyler of Deerfield; 20 acres near Winchendon sold for Mrs. Cora Bennett to Mrs. F. J. Lloyd of Somerville, and five acres at Barre sold for W. G. Lord to Jason G. Robinson of Barre.

# Lawn Kept Healthy by Fertilizer

## Repeated Cuttings Will Cause Soil to Lose Fertility and Grass Will Become Weak

By EDWARD C. VICK
*Home Garden Editor*

Established lawns need fertilizer. In a general way, every time a lawn is mowed, a crop is harvested. Naturally, after a time, the soil becomes exhausted and the grass fails. Roots of lawn grass do not go very deeply down into the soil, so the surface becomes exhausted rather sooner than for deep rooted crops.

Feed the lawn now with one of several materials. A good lawn fertilizer spread lightly and evenly before a rain, or watered in with the hose as soon as the application has been made, 100 pounds will cover 200 square feet.

Sheep manure will require 100 pounds to 1000 square feet. Be sure to use a good brand purchased from a responsible dealer and which may be depended on as being free from weed seeds. Dried manure is another suitable lawn fertilizer, composed of 65 per cent cow manure and 35 per cent peat moss. Use from 50 to 100 pounds to 400 square feet.

For bent grass, obtain a special putting green mixture.

* * *

The annual delphinium, Cambridge Blue, is a clear blue annual delphinium chinense of brilliant color. It is excellent for mass planting or for cut flowers. The seed is somewhat slow in germinating, so it is advisable to start it in the house.

* * *

The sinnia grows to perfection in America. England cannot compete with us in growing zinnias on account of the climate. The thrive and attain perfection, our hot, dry summers are what the plants require.

Here the zinnia is a general favorite; it has a wide range of color; the flowers are borne on long stems and last a long time when cut and placed in water. Finally, zinnias are quite free from disease, are not much troubled by insects and grow to perfection with little care.

* * *

Thrips, the tiny flies so small they can scarcely be seen, are troublesome in the house plants. It is the same thrip that causes such damage to gladioli blooms. Persistent effort is requisite to control them. Spread powdered tobacco over the soil after first spraying the plants with nicotine solution 40 per cent. Apply the spray to both upper and upper surface of leaves at dusk.

* * *

Strawberries may be fertilized in the Spring. It is important, however, to fertilize the strawberry bed early in September, for the time when the fruit buds are formed.

Root the first two runners that appear in July. These make the best yielding plants.

# Vick's Garden Answers

*NOTICE—All inquiries must have full name and address so that they may be answered by mail if not of sufficient interest to answer here.*

* * *

G. S. M., Swampscott—For rotting leaves and grass to the compost may be used for spreading over the garden, make a neat pile in a secluded place. A shrub or two will screen a mound of that kind from view.

Fallen leaves from trees, gathered in the autumn, weeds from the garden that have not gone to seed and clippings from the lawn may be used.

When the pile is a foot high, after it has been firmly tramped down by treading on it. Wet it thoroughly. Then sprinkle nitrate of soda over it. Build up the pile a foot at a time in the same way.

There is a preparation which originated in England during the war called Adco, made for decomposing waste garden material of this kind and turning it into fertilizer. It is sold by seedsmen.

Forking the pile over at intervals, keeping it moist throughout will be helpful in hastening decay.

Where the material is collected in large quantities, a mixture is used composed of 70 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 25 pounds of acid phosphate and 100 pounds of finely ground limestone per ton of compost material.

* * *

M. W. G., Waltham—Geraniums root readily from cuttings and if kept growing, soon make flowering plants.

Cut off about four inches of a branch from new growth. Make a square cut across the stem, below a leaf, with a sharp knife. Remove all the leaves except the top two, and cut off the top half of these two leaves.

Mix equal parts of good loam and sand and pot the cutting in a three-inch pot, firming the soil well around it. Insert the cutting about one-and-a-half inches deep. Keep the soil moist and the pot in a light place, but out of the sun until roots form.

* * *

C. E. C., Gales Ferry, Conn.—The part of your plot on which wood has been piled, if well fertilized, should grow good radishes particularly and will be suitable for general crops of vegetables or flowers. It will improve with cultivation and use.

The second section which is covered with coarse gravel should have the grass removed with the roots in turning the soil over in spading as deeply as possible. If sand is to be had, it can be spread heavily and turned under to advantage. If the drainage is good, this will probably make a good garden, but trouble will be experienced in keeping down the grass for a season or two. Plant only vigorous growing crops such as potatoes for the first year or two.

The third section which is very wet will require draining and the small stream could be confined strictly to its bed. On this damp soil such plants as cyperus papyrus, the Egyptian paper plant which is obtainable from plantemen; Japanese iris, typha latifolia or cat tail, the skunk cabbage, symplocarpus foetidus, really a very ornamental plant when properly used; Aster nemoralis, the bog aster; Cypripedium candidum, white lady's slipper; Eupatorium verbenaefolium; Helonias bullata, swamp pink; Mitchella repens, partridge berry; Osmunda cinnamomea, cinnamon fern; Rhexia virginica, meadow beauty; Sarracenia purpurea, pitcher plant; Vaccinium, blueberry; Clethra alnifolia, sweet pepper bush, and Hypericum densiflorum, bushy St. John's wort can be used. Really a very artistic garden can be made. Some of these plants may be found growing wild not far from you and desires in native plants supply them.

* * *

Mrs. B. R., Plainville, Mass.—If your hydrangea is in the garden, do not prune it in the spring. Give it protection from the sun in early spring so the buds will not start early and then be killed by frost.

### *Flower Bed in N. Y. Growing 150 Years*

A bed of Star of Bethlehem, ornithogalum umbellatum, has been growing and increasing in size in Orange County, New York, for about 150 years. That is a good demonstration of the value of this bulb for naturalizing.

# May Avoid Chick Ills

The crowding of too many pullets in a house or under a hover is the cause of stunted growth, trampling and overheating among poultry. Much of this overcrowding can be avoided if the sexes are separated as soon as they may be distinguished.

Clean equipment, sanitary houses and ranges are undoubtedly the best preventatives of most diseases.


HOME SHOPPING

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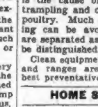

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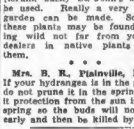

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, April 16, 1933

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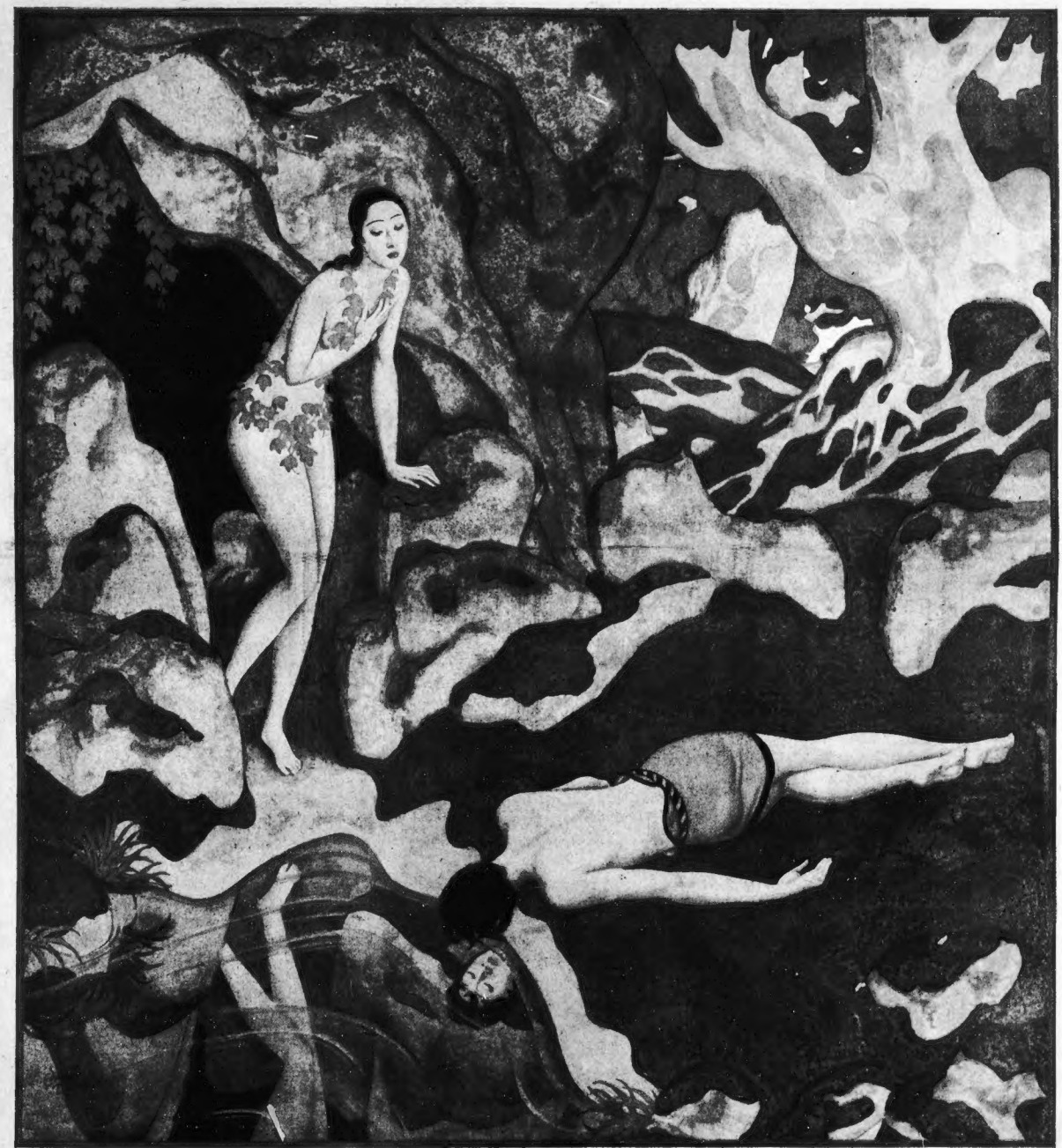


# Myths the Ancients Believed

## By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

**ECHO AND NARCISSUS—**

ECHO was a beautiful nymph who enjoyed the acquaintance of all the gods and goddesses. But she did love to gossip. She was the vocal Broadway columnist of her time. One day some of her sister nymphs were entertaining Jupiter, who bossed all the other gods and goddesses except his wife, Juno. At this awkward moment Juno, suspicious, came walking through the woods. Echo intercepted her, and whispered the newest bit of scandal about Venus. Juno was so interested that Jupiter had time to escape. Juno discovered the trick and punished Echo by decreeing that she could use her tongue thereafter only to reply. Echo could end a conversation, but never begin one. To make matters worse, she caused Echo to fall in love with Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who loved only himself, and spent hours every day admiring his reflection in a pool. Poor Echo was doubly punished. She pined away for love until nothing was left of her but her voice. Echo still answers when we call.

# World's Biggest Organ—Takes a Gymnast to Play It

The Atlantic City Auditorium Organ's Giant Console With Seven Manuals and 32,882 Pipes. On Both Sides of the Manual Are Hundreds of Stops. Those on the Right Are Shown in This Photograph.

ONE of the wonders of the St. Louis World's Fair, back in 1904, was an organ with pipes to the unheard of number of 10,000. At the time, and for years afterward, musicians and instrument makers believed that this was the last word in organs and never would be surpassed in size, intricacy and power.

If that organ deserved to be classed as a "wonder," then another organ—which soon will be dedicated in Atlantic City's new and vast Municipal Auditorium—comes under the head of man-made miracles, for it has 32,882 pipes, and the artist who presumes to draw music from this huge instrument must be an esthetic gymnast to operate the seven keyboards of the console and the rows and rows of "stops" arranged on either side of the multiple keyboard. In addition to these hundreds of keys and stops, the player has to use both feet on a set of some 20 pedals which control the bass notes of the organ.

The more than 30,000 pipes of the organ are distributed about the auditorium, and most of them are concealed behind screens in the walls. These pipes are grouped in eight different locations and are, in effect, eight separate organs, which can be played individually, or in combination, from the complicated console.

The biggest of the pipes is 59 feet and 10 inches long and has a square top which measures two feet and six inches on each side. This pipe is made of wood and possesses a depth and a power which must be heard to be believed. Because of the length and air capacity of the pipe it is capable of giving off a melodic sound two octaves deeper than the lowest C on a piano. The smallest pipe in this remarkable instrument weighs only a few ounces and is tinier than a flute.

The world's biggest organ demands, of course, an immense volume of air pressure for its thousands of pipes. This pressure is supplied by eight electric blowers, which develop 365 horsepower. These blowers are so arranged that they "pump" air for the eight units of the organ separately, so that one part of the instrument can be played without making it necessary to run all the blowers at the same time.

Few people, unfamiliar with the engineering problem that the organ presented to its designers and builders, could understand the maze of machinery and switches and wires which are necessary to such a sensitive and powerful instrument. Electricity, of course, plays an important part in the operation of the organ. The touching of each key and each stop makes an electrical contact which motivates machinery and sends the necessary volume of air flowing or rushing into the proper pipes.

Aside from the tons of carefully selected metal and wood which went into the instrument, the construction material included enough wire to girdle the earth twice and 225,000 board feet of lumber. The completed organ will weigh 120 tons and will cost in the neighborhood of $400,000.

The melodic effects possible to the world's biggest organ are as numerous as they are remarkable, for the artist, sitting at the console, can get almost any musical effect that he desires, from the thunderous rumble of the deep-pitched, largest pipes to the thin, clear sound of the highest note possible to a violin.

In between these extremes of tone, the player can reproduce almost every sound possible to a symphony orchestra. When he presses certain of the keys and stops he can produce the sound of blaring trumpets, the ringing of chimes, the smooth tones of the 'cello and violin, the clatter of castinets, the reedy tones of the so-called woodwinds and even the exact rolling of snare drums. To utilize the huge instrument to the limit of its possibilities calls not only for years of musical training and extraordinary ability as a player, but for something of the physical dexterity of a gymnast. Atlantic City's municipal organist, despite his intimate knowledge of pipe organs, will have to spend much of his time practising on the instrument to become thoroughly familiar with its musical potentialities and to accustom himself to its confusing array of keys and stops.

Just how huge and efficient the world's biggest organ is can be better appreciated when it is pointed out that the room which it must fill with melody — and which seats 41,000 people — is nearly 500 feet long, almost 300 feet wide and 136 feet from floor to ceiling. Tests have shown that the organ can be heard in every part of this huge room without the aid of amplifying devices.

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD & ACME

Showing the Hundreds of Stops and Controls on the Left of the Manual. Arthur Scott Brook, the Municipal Organist Is Shown Using Both Hands, Both Feet and Practically Every Muscle in His Body While Manipulating the Keys.

# Really Beautiful, But Dumb

J. JAY HIRZ - PHOTO

Wax and Plaster Manikins Were Used at the Recent Display of Costly Jewels in Paris, to Avert Any Misadventures Regarding the Precious Gems.

A SCORE of the most beautiful manikins in Paris thrilled visitors to the recent Exposition of Diamonds, and every one of these models could properly be described by the slang phrase "beautiful but dumb" because, despite her lifelike appearance, she was a thing of plaster and wax.

The main attraction of the exhibition was, of course, the brilliant array of sparkling gems. But the dummies—two of which are shown in photographs on this page—nearly stole the show because they were so strikingly human in pose and coloring. Many visitors to the exhibition mistook the manikins for real young women until they observed that the figures remained absolutely still and did not so much as flicker a penciled eyebrow.

The sponsors of the display of precious jewels used the inanimate models for two reasons—because they were so startlingly lifelike and, more important, because they thought that human manikins might fall a prey to human temptation and "lose" some of the millions of dollars' worth of rings, brooches, necklaces, earrings and glistening what-nots.

Within the past two or three years the dummy makers of France and Germany have been waging an interesting contest to see which country could produce the most "natural" figures and which could sell more of these necessities to stores and shops, not only on the Continent but in England and America as well.

It was a German concern that made a distinct advance in the game by engaging several famous sculptors to make life-size wax manikins in the exact physical dimensions of a dozen of the country's shapeliest and comeliest models.

France countered with sculptured figures of famous stars of the stage and screen.

J. JAY HIRZ - PHOTO

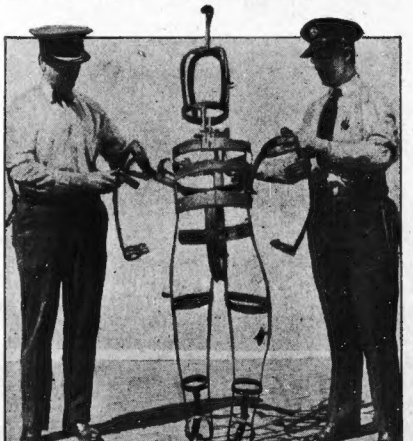
An Attractive Beauty, Who Is Quite Dumb, Wearing a Diamond Stole Worth a Hundred Thousand Dollars.

# Prison Yields Old "Iron Maiden"

THE agonizing suffering and inhuman death inflicted by the "Iron Maiden" of the European Middle Ages seems to have been spared convicts in America. But that this country also had an "Iron Maiden" was learned not long ago, when the device shown in the picture below was found in a dark corner of Moyamensing Prison, in Philadelphia.

This early American version of the "Iron Maiden" had no dagger-like barbs to pierce the eyes and the body of the victim placed in it. It was a sort of straightjacket fashioned of iron bands which fitted closely to the body of the victim, from head to foot.

Undoubtedly, prisoners locked in this suit of skeleton armor were hung up where they could be an example to their fellow convicts, because a stout iron bar with a ring in the top of it projects from the framework which encircled the head. It is believed that Philadelphia's "Iron Maiden" was last used in the early 1800's.



An American Version of the "Iron Maiden," an Instrument of Torture, Used in Europe During the Middle Ages, Was Found in a Corner of Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, Several Weeks Ago.

# A Real "Forgotten Man"

DURING the recent national election there was more or less talk on the part of the politicians about the "forgotten man." Presumably they were referring to that class of citizens, at or near the base of the so-called economic pyramid which the depression had hit hardest.

Up in Dutchess County, in New York State, there is a real "forgotten man," living high up on the side of Stormville Mountain and asking no sympathy for his plight, which is much more serious than the average human is called upon to face.

His name is Jim Ett and he's 62 years old. He runs on all fours, like a dog, because he was born with a deformity which makes it impossible for him to stand on his feet, like his more physically fortunate fellow-men.

Mr. Ett was 15 years old before he had mastered the knack of getting around. The few people who knew about the boy looked upon him as a hopeless cripple doomed to spend his life in bed, or propped up in a chair. But Jim Ett was one of those dogged individuals who refuse to accept defeat without a fight and he crawled about on the floor and out on the ground until he had developed sufficient strength and skill to lope animal-fashion.

Before he became of age he could travel with surprising speed. His arms and hands did most of the work and he dragged his feet behind him, something in the same way that a seal maneuvers its flippered tail.

By what persistent and painful experience Jim Ett learned to do the many things he can do today is a story that only he could tell—if he would. He does a bit of trapping and every year he has a well-kept vegetable garden which he plants and cultivates himself.

Stormville Mountain's "forgotten man" is, oddly enough, one of the country's shining examples of what has been called "rugged individualism." For years he has been busy, in his obscure and unobtrusive way, overcoming his physical handicap and doing things for himself.

Few people know it, but he built the neat little cottage he lives in. It took months to put up the shelter, but Jim Ett did it, and he didn't ask any favors of anyone. And when his house was up and roofed, he crawled out in the nearby swamps and pulled bundles of reeds which he later wove into the seats which cover the chairs he also fashioned with his two capable hands.

He doesn't mind being a "forgotten man" for he has found pleasure and contentment in adjusting himself to his simple mode of life. It is one of his proudest boasts that he never has been inside a school house, a church or a theatre.

# The "Baby Wheel" of Arequipa

AREQUIPA is the second city of Peru. It is a world-famous center of arts and culture. But it clings to a custom and a device—its "baby wheel"—which so shocked a group of visiting scholars that they recently filed a formal complaint with the highest government officials of Peru, urging that "something be done in the name of social progress and common decency."

The "baby wheel," which really is a sort of dumbwaiter, was put into operation more than a century ago. It got its name from the wheel over which the rope which holds the dumbwaiter runs. The wheel is at the top of a high hill occupied by a convent. At one end of the rope is a padded basket which, for more than a hundred years, has made trips up the hillside, carrying babies for the nuns to bring up and educate.

The nuns installed the "baby wheel" when they found that more than a few citizens of Arequipa were abandoning youngsters at the foot of the path leading from the city up to the isolated nunnery. They had the elevator put in because of their compassion. If people were inhuman enough to abandon babies, then it was better that they leave them where they could be quickly found.

As the years went on, the "baby wheel," instead of discouraging the abandoning of new-born babies, seemed to suggest to mothers, married as well as unmarried, that here was an opportunity for them to be rid of their tiny responsibilities and be assured that the children would be brought up in comfortable circumstances and well educated.

The rope has been replaced many times and so has the basket with its soft lining. But the "baby wheel" is still there and people still use it to escape from the shame of parenthood without wedlock and to dodge the troublesome duties of rearing children.

The British visitors, to Arequipa, when they learned of the "baby wheel," were shocked. They could not believe that, in an enlightened city where art and culture flourished, it was the custom for people to dump new-born babies in a basket and leave them to be brought up by others.

"It is beyond belief," said the leader of the objectors, "that the people of Arequipa see nothing wrong in this revolting practice. So far as we have been able to find out, no one ever has protested against the so-called 'baby wheel' and sponsored a movement to have it taken down."

Similar complaints by well-meaning tourists have been filed before, but nothing happened. The Arequipans do not, it is said, expect anything to happen this time.

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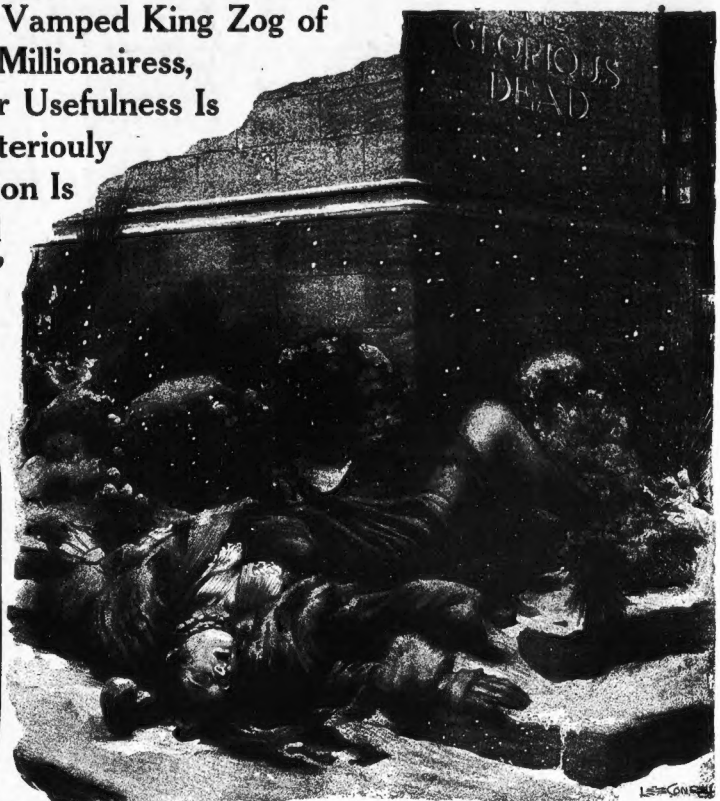
# Poisoned on the Steps of England's Cenotaph to its War Dead

## Mme. Vlora, Woman-Spy Who Vamped King Zog of Albania, Lives For a Time Like a Millionairess, Sinks Back Into Poverty When Her Usefulness Is Ended, Then Is Found Mysteriouly Dying—But All Investigation Is Forbidden On the Ground Of "Diplomatic Privileges"

The Cenotaph In London, At Whose Foot the Once Beautiful Mme. Vlora, Versatile International Spy, Was Found Dying.

Mme. Vlora, Investigation Into Whose Mysterious Death Has Been Refused by the British Government, On the Ground of "Diplomatic Privileges."

King Zog of Albania, One of the Objects of Mme. Vlora's Espionage and Who Wrote Ardent Love Letters to Her.




There, Upon the Steps of the Cenotaph—England's Sacred Tomb to Her Dead Who Sleep On the Battlefields of the Great War—the Career of Mme. Vlora, International Spy, Came to a Mysterious End. She Had Been Poisoned—But By Whom None Really Knows.



Miss Olive Branson, Member of a Distinguished English Family, Who Was a Spy and Was Found Mysteriously Drowned.

LONDON, April 8.

LATE on Christmas Eve, a policeman saw the body of a woman stretched upon the steps of the Cenotaph, England's memorial to its dead whose bones moulder in the battlefields of the great war. She lay upon her back, among the wreaths which decorate the base of this most sacred of Britain's monuments with its simple inscription, "The Glorious Dead." The woman was unusually attractive, and her clothes, although now shabby, were of rich material.

It was snowing, and there were few passers-by. The policeman had passed shortly before, and he was sure she had not been there then. Examining the body more closely, he found that the heart was still feebly beating, and summoned aid. This much is known, because a small crowd saw her taken away.

No official report was made of the occurrence. And it was not until a few days later that word of it leaked to the London newspapers. A pack of reporters were sent out on the trail, only to be rebuffed by an extraordinary wall of silence. With great difficulty they learned that the woman had died in St. Stephen's Hospital, that she was Madame Zeinep Vlora, a native of Albania who had just arrived from Paris, and had "committed suicide."

Why she had taken her life and chosen that most sacred spot in all England for the purpose, or where the coroner's inquest had been held or where the body had been buried, nobody would tell. The reason given for such secrecy was "diplomatic privileges" and this is always unanswerable.

Diplomatic privileges override all ordinary laws. If a person is ordered to break a law for this reason he is exempt from any consequences, but only rarely is it used to justify hiding of the facts surrounding murder or suicide. If this really was suicide, what sort of woman could she be that it would be unsafe to reveal why she killed herself? Who was she anyway? Nobody could prevent the papers from digging up what they could of her past and before long the reason for the mysterious hush became quite evident.

Madame Vlora had been a spy, just as had been Florence Aline Wilson, the English woman whose murder within a few yards of the Casino at Le Touquet caused that fashionable and prosperous watering and gambling resort on the coast of France to be deserted by its patrons because it seemed evident that neither the French nor the English authorities wanted to have the murder solved and the murderer caught. Mrs. Wilson, like Zeinep Vlora and many others who played with the espionage fire, paid the price, and incidently Le Touquet was ruined.

Zeinep had been a useful and successful spy, for which she had been paid a princely salary, lived the life of a multi-millionairess, had villas, servants, a fleet of cars, a yacht, unlimited credit at the most expensive Paris dressmakers and even jewelers, with no questions asked about her expense account. Power, social prestige, thrilling adventure were hers with all the secret influence of a mighty nation behind her.

One of her achievements was to become the sweetheart of King Zog of her native Albania. She was an insider, the hidden hand, working on deals and intrigues that even future historians may never know about. Well might she be intoxicated by her own success and, looking down on ordinary mortals, say to herself that she was not as other women.

Then one day it all came to an abrupt end. Her generous and delighted employers, becoming polite but cool, did not want her services any more. They told her it was not her fault, but something that always happens. Her success had made her useless. Every member of every counter-espionage system in the world had her picture and record. This made it certain that the moment she started to work on some prominent man she would be recognized, a word of warning whispered in his ear and he would drop her like a hot coal.

The woman was in no danger provided she was willing to slip back into private life, poverty and obscurity. She had spent her huge salary as fast as she got it—they all do. Having had a taste of luxury, power, adventure and easy money, like most of these women, she found it impossible to resist the temptation to keep on in the game.

After months of poverty as a fallen star, her heart full of resentment at being dropped like that, she could not keep from selling the secrets one government had paid for to a rival. That was "double-crossing" which is likely to be fatal in most any line, but especially so in espionage, where the wages of that sin is almost certain death.

What other secrets Zeinep resold will probably never be known, except in the hidden archives of one or two chancelleries of Europe. But she herself told friends of how she had been "outsmarted" in her threats to sell King Zog's love letters to the opposition party in her own country. His Majesty's agents succeeded in recovering them for an insignificant sum. Her death was probably not a punishment for this bit of royal blackmail, but the fact that she had those letters may have kept her from being punished for other things until they were safely out of her hands.

A beauty and natural-born charmer of men, this girl was ideal material for an international spy because she lacked the wealth which would give the power of her charms a chance to be employed on rich and powerful men. At the age of 14 she was married to Djemil Vlora, a somewhat obscure member of a well-known Albanian family. This gave her beauty sufficient prominence so that she was selected to welcome Prince William of Wied when he came to Albania to see if he wanted to become its king. No doubt she helped in causing his decision to accept. He sat on the throne until the World War put this small face card in the discard.

The head of her husband's family was Prince Noureddin Vlora, famous for his impetuous wooing and wedding of Helen Kelly Gould, divorced wife of Frank Gould, the American millionaire. The first time the lovely Zeinep met the head of her husband's house was at an important formal reception. When Zeinep was introduced to Prince Noureddin he was so overcome by her charm and beauty that he impulsively snatched the bouquet from his wife's corsage and presented it to the younger woman.

It is said that Helen turned white with rage, as well she might.

Anyway, soon after that Helen got another of her four divorces.

Zeinep had plenty of evidence that she could capture hearts in a big way, yet, after all, she seemed tied to her small and poor kingdom in the Balkans and somehow could never find the chance to get at the big people at Paris, Berlin and London. One day a sympathetic young attache of a foreign legation got her to tell her tale of thwarted ambition and then gravely said:

"I can introduce you to a man who will give you all these things that are beyond your reach."

The young woman, thinking he must be a panderer to some rich man, was inclined to refuse indignantly, but the attache said:

"The proposition is strictly business."

"Is it something against the law?" asked the beauty.

"No," answered the man. "It is work that is above and beyond the law. But you will find all that out when you see him."

Her curiosity piqued, she went and, it is said, became a spy in the service first of France and then of Italy, also perhaps of a third European power. When a woman spy works by vamping some important man from whom she worms state secrets, she does not, like the spy in the movies, throw her arms around his neck and ask him to tell her about that secret treaty his country is going to sign.

Such crude attempts would make him leave her with a laugh. Her superiors have provided her with a long series of seemingly innocent and even frivolous questions, all from a feminine point of view and of interest only to herself. Yet, if the man answers them all truthfully, they can be put together, like a jigsaw puzzle, into a complete and perfect picture of what they want to find out. To be successful in this line of endeavor involved love affairs with various personages, including His Majesty King Zog, which justified her husband in divorcing her. But what cared this important young personage in Paris and London, with a finger in the international pie?

When her usefulness was over and the period of playing the game not according to the rules began, she corresponded with her ex-husband and occasionally received checks from him. But remarry her he would not.

It was reported that when she was carried from the Cenotaph to the hospital the poison in her stomach was found to be permanganate of potash. Did she take it with suicidal intent or was it a "mysterious accident," a substitution of medicines which in the death of an ordinary person would have called for vigorous investigation? Permanganate of potash is an extraordinary sort of poison to take. In most cases it would act only as an emetic. Conceivably, the unfortunate woman might have taken it with the idea that it would counteract some more subtle poison which she believed had been administered to her.

Even if it was deliberate suicide, a guiding hand may have been in the background. It is known that after the attempt to sell King Zog's letters she fell honestly in love with a wealthy Englishman of political prominence, and might have married him but not some sort of agency made him acquainted with her past and informed him that she was not only an immoral woman, but a spy who was only trifling with his affections to get information. The latter charge was not true. In one way and another every friend was turned from her, apparently with the intention that she should find no other way out but the grave.

In the case of King Zog's letters, Zeinep is said to have first negotiated with the King himself, and while his agents were trying to whittle her down to a small fraction of her demand, others appeared, saying that they had just heard of the letters and offering a fabulous sum. They made no secret of their intention to use them to help tip her ex-lover from his throne.

To show their good faith, they made a small down payment for the privilege of examining the love missives. After reading them all carefully the strangers expressed satisfaction, handed back the packet, promising to return the next day with the balance in gold. A few minutes after the door had closed Zeinep discovered that they had substituted a package of blank paper and gotten away with the real letters. Zog's emissaries, disguised as his enemies, had put one over on her. A spy's success depends largely on the enormous amount of guidance and assistance she receives from her superiors and fellow agents. Working alone she is easily fooled and gotten rid of.

After being embalmed and kept secretly for five weeks in the rooms of a London undertaker, the body of Mme. Vlora was quietly buried in the Moslem section of Brookwood Cemetery, near Woking. An appeal from the dead woman's brother, Avry Delvina, written to F. Seymour Cocks, M. P., moved him to rise up in Parliament and ask the Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmour, the reason why a public inquest was dispensed with in Mme. Vlora's case. He also desired to know why her death was kept secret for several weeks; whether the police made any report on the case; whether the Home Secretary could state its nature, and whether he would make a statement to relieve anxiety caused by the affair.

Sir John Gilmour replied that he was not aware of any anxiety caused, and he quoted the inexorable "diplomatic privileges" as the reason why he had decided to hold the inquest in secret.

Late in 1929 May Daniels, an Englishwoman, who had been a war nurse, was summoned by telegram to France, where her body was found in a lonely spot near Boulogne, strangled by someone. The French and English public were puzzled at the strangely futile actions of the police in arresting and releasing people who quite evidently knew nothing of the case. Soon they ceased activities entirely. Not till nearly two years later did the news come out that Miss Daniels had engaged in international espionage work.

In that same year Olive Branson, daughter of a prominent English lawyer and niece of Sir George Branson, judge of the British High Court, was found drowned in the cistern of her villa at Aix-le-Provence, France, in such a way that it could only have been murder. She was an artist, which was supposed to account for many long and mysterious absences which she never attempted to explain. Nobody could understand the indifference of the authorities on both sides of the Channel until it leaked out that she, too, had played with the fire of spying.

In Paris every few months a woman is reported as victim of an "Apache" murder, is found to have been an international spy, and many others simply disappear. Of course, all these vanishings and tragedies may have nothing to do with the fact that the victims have been spies. If so, it is a singular coincidence that the mysteries are never solved.

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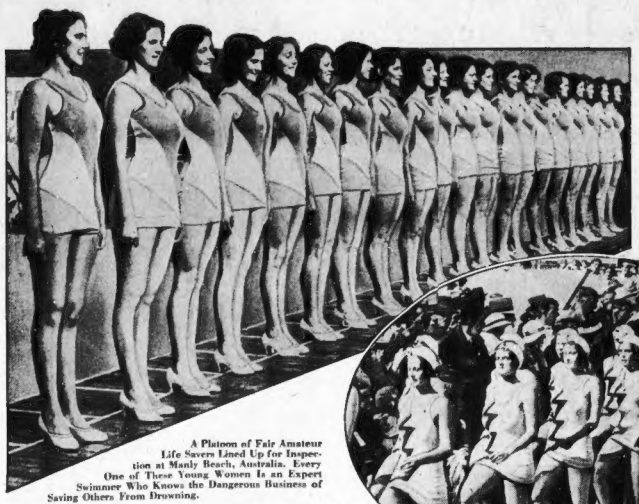
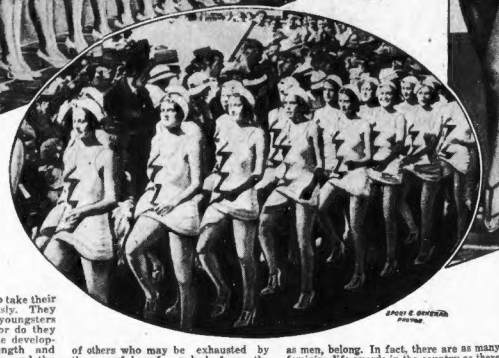
# Who Wouldn't Like To Be Saved By These Pretty Life Guards?



A Platoon of Fair Amateur Life Savers Lined Up for Inspection at Manly Beach, Australia. Every One of These Young Women Is an Expert Swimmer Who Knows the Dangerous Business of Saving Others From Drowning.



At the Right—Another of the Trained Life-Saving Clubs of Australia Marching in Review Before Demonstrating Their Ability at Rescuing "Victims" From the Strong Surf That Rolls on the Country's Beaches. Below—These Good-Looking Daughters of Neptune, All Expert Swimmers, Hope to Capture the National Cup for Life-Saving in Competition With the Best Feminine Swimming Clubs of Australia.

AUSTRALIA is about the "swimmingest" country in the world, in spite of the fact that bathing along the coasts of the continent set in the South Seas is usually a precarious pastime, made so by pounding surf, strong undertows and the presence of man-eating sharks.

These handicaps to the enjoyment of sport in the water have inspired the sea-loving Australians to take their swimming very seriously. They begin when they're youngsters and they keep at it. Nor do they confine themselves to the development of muscular strength and skill at the breast stroke, and the well-known Australian crawl. Along with their swimming, they train themselves to save the lives of others who may be exhausted by the powerful surf, sucked from the surface by the undertow, beset by sharks.

Every Australian beach has its life-saving clubs to which women, as well as men, belong. In fact, there are as many feminine life guards in the country as there are broad-shouldered males who spend much of their spare time learning to rescue people from the water.

The photographs on this page were taken during a national contest at one of the big beaches near Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. They show some of the good-looking Amazons who, by long practice at the tricks of life saving, have contributed hugely to the safety and enjoyment of bathing along the shores of the "Continent Down Under."

When it's Winter in the United States, it's Summer in Australia, and the beaches are packed with bathers. Then it is that the members of the life-saving clubs get together to perfect their technique as amateur life guards. They take it upon themselves to patrol the beaches, and at such popular resorts as the beaches of Manly, Coogee and Bondi—all in the neighborhood of Sydney—they are on duty from early in the morning until darkness falls and no one ventures in the surf for fear of losing a leg to a hungry shark.

Every day picked members of the clubs make a survey of bathing conditions. They put flag buoys just beyond the surf line, and if the surf is unusually heavy they warn people to do their bathing near the shore. Other buoys, with distinguishing flags, are floated at points where the undertow is dangerous, and the water is scanned with powerful binoculars to discover if schools of man-eaters are hanging about the vicinity, intent on making a meal of human flesh. If the sharp fins of the bloodthirsty fish are spotted, shark warnings are put up so that not even the strongest swimmers will venture beyond the surf line.

Every year, during December and January, beach carnivals are staged, and it is during these celebrations that the life-saving clubs demonstrate their skill and compete for prizes. One of the most interesting of their maneuvers is performed by sending an expert swimmer out beyond the strong surf to play the role of a drowning person. At a given signal some of the other members of the club take a life belt attached to a long rope and plunge into the waves to reach the "victim" as soon as possible. Other swimmers on the shore "pay out" the line so that it won't snarl and, when the "victim" has been placed in the life belt, they complete the rescue by pulling the swimmer to the shore and safety.

# Not a Naughty Child

LITTLE BRITISHERS, like little Americans, are cautioned by their fathers and mothers not to indulge in the unsightly and "sassy" practice of sticking out their tongues as an expression of ill temper.

It might seem—although she has a pretty and pleasant face—that the youthful resident of London, shown in the photograph at the right, was indulging in the deplorable habit of sticking out the tongue when the photographer snapped her picture. But such is not the case: the subject of this camera study is anything but a naughty child, for the picture, which was entered in an exhibition of photography, is called "Doctor's Instructions."

This Pretty Little Citizen of the British Isles Seems to Be Doing What Most Mothers Spank Their Youngsters For—But She Is Really a Good-Natured and Well-Behaved Young Lady.

Looked at with this enlightening title in mind, it is plain that the blonde-headed young lady is pretending, at the picture man's suggestion, that she has something the matter with her—a touch of the flu, perhaps, or the symptoms of measles. It is easy to imagine that the family doctor has come hurrying to her house, that he has listened to her chest and back with that funny looking thing that he sticks in his ears and that, as all doctors eventually do, he has pulled his spectacles down on his nose and requested the patient to "open wide, stick out your tongue, and say 'ah.'"

The contest in which the photograph was entered contained camera studies of children from every part of the British Isles. Some of the pictures were posed and others were what the judges call "natural pictures"—photographs which were taken without the knowledge and co-operation of the youthful subjects. The picture of the little resident of the English capital sticking out her tongue took one of the major prizes offered for posed portraits and was reproduced in newspapers and magazines all over the British Empire.

# A "Watch Dog" to Scare Evil Spirits

ONE of the strangest statues in the Western Hemisphere occupies a prominent place in the Indian village of Kitwanga, British Columbia. It is not just an artistic(?) example of some Red Man sculptor's skill at wood carving and a monument to his memory. It is a sort of tribal watch dog, teeth bared and tail belligerently in air, intended to frighten off any and all of the evil spirits which the coarse-haired inhabitants of the community believe exist.

Just what the creature is, seems to be a matter of doubt among most of the good people of Kitwanga. Most of the old braves of the tribe appear to have the notion that it isn't a likeness of anything that ever lived on land or sea, that it is just an animal vested with supernatural powers to scare the wits out of those invisible demons that sometimes drop around British Columbia to complicate the domestic and economic problems of well-meaning Indians.

Others in the community presume to say that the artist who laboriously hewed the watch dog and set it in place created his conception of a real animal—a mountain lion. They find in the big head, the proportions of the body and the long tail, a good-enough statue of the kind of lion that is sometimes seen in that section of the continent.

But lion, or not, the demon-repeller is an interesting job of Indian art and the hardy citizens of Kitwanga have a lot of faith in its powers, even though the traditions of the tribe are not taken as seriously as they were before the White Man pushed his frontier all the way to the Pacific.

When the village is blessed with plenty of caribou steak and fish are pulled from the cold sea in generous quantity, the grateful Kitwangans are sure that their watch dog has been getting in his good work, and when troubles beset them they cast no blame upon the snarling statue: they think that he did the best he could, and that a particularly energetic evil spirit somehow sneaked past him.

There was a time, some years ago, when the members of the community used to assemble about the statue and stage ceremonials presided over by their medicine men and participated in by selected individuals of the tribe. But, for some reason, the present residents of Kitwanga have grown away from this custom although they still have faith in the wooden beast and its ability to protect them from certain kinds of ill fortune. Only the oldsters of the tribe remember the rites enacted about the sculpture and they seem to be making no attempt to have the ceremony revived.

The Inhabitants of the Indian Village of Kitwanga, British Columbia, Place a Lot of Faith in This Wooden Statue. They Believe, as Their Ancestors Before Them Did, That the Carved Beast Frightens Off Evil Spirits.

# Does Her Dancing With a 12-Foot Giant

ONE of the most amusing and difficult "turns" performed on the British stage and on the floors of its night clubs is the dancing act of Robert Stickney and his pretty partner, who seldom gets her feet on the floor during the performance of their unusual act.

Stickney is one of the world's most skilful stilt walkers and the sticks he straps to his legs make him a comic giant 12 feet tall. Most stilters would find it difficult to manage such additions to their legs if they had plenty of room to move about in but this expert can, and does, pick his towering way through a crowded dance floor and between the tables of the Piccadilly Hotel's night club.

Aside from his exceptional skill on stilts, Stickney is a man of more than ordinary strength—as the photograph shows. He picks his fair partner off the balcony, or off the top of a tall step-ladder, and waltzes and two-steps about the polished floor with her in his arms. He makes the trick look easy, but it is a stunt that required long months of practice and exercise to perform on a pair of slender artificial legs more than six feet long.

The funny man learned by experience, and with a thick gymnasium mat beneath him and his partner, that even the best of stilt walkers can get a nasty fall if they get off balance, or make a false step. And he discovered that stalking about with 120 pounds of live weight in his arms is an entirely different problem than stilting with both arms free to help maintain a vertical position.

Sometimes the "giant" puts an arm about his partner's waist and waltzes about with her, holding her feet right feet above the floor. He has to be careful on the turns not to send himself and the girl into a nose-dive. The "act" began in a circus, and they went into vaudeville, but now the stilt-walker and his partner have become night club favorites.

London Night-Club Patrons Never Tire of Seeing Robert Stickney—the Fellow With the Long Legs—Dance With His Comely Partner. The Stunt Is Difficult and Dangerous Because the 12-Foot "Giant" Is Walking on Stilts.

# Electric Fish That Shock Their Prey

AGES before man discovered and harnessed electricity Mother Nature was endowing some of her creatures with this powerful and mysterious force. Zoologists are familiar with the "shocking" abilities of the so-called electric eel, a fish that swims the Amazon in great numbers. This creature, which attains a length of eight feet, is equipped with sets of "batteries" along each side of its serpentine tail. These batteries are tiny sacs filled with a jellylike substance in which the electricity seems to be stored.

When the electric eel attacks another fish it grips with its mouth and brings its tail around to some other part of the prey's body. This completes an electric circuit and the eel "turns on the juice," imparting a stupefying shock.

In African waters there lives another shocking creature—the electric catfish. The electric ray is another natural power plant which inhabits the cold waters of the North Atlantic.

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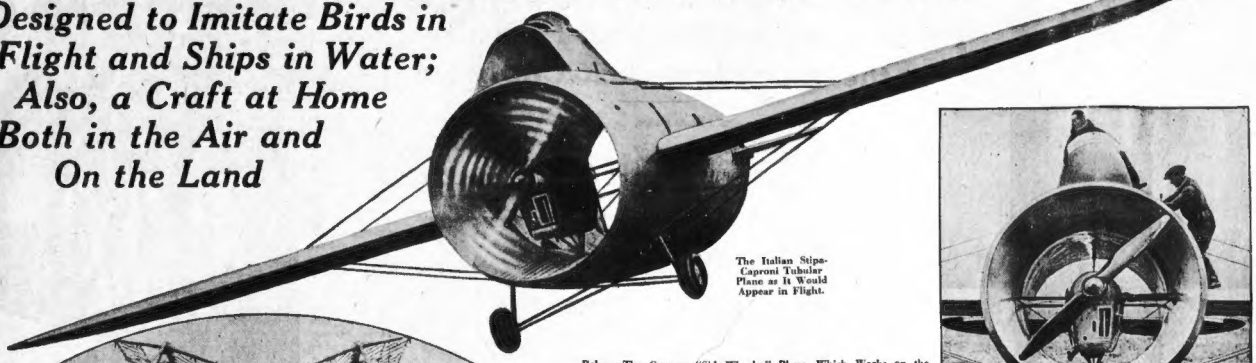
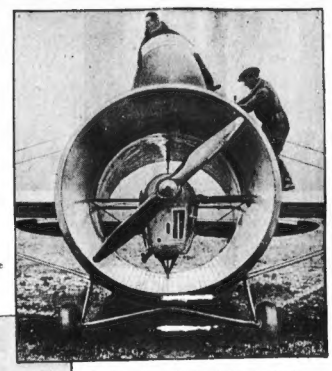
# Flying-Barrel and Paddle-Wheel Airplanes

## *Latest New Flying Machines, Quite Queer in Appearance, Are Designed to Imitate Birds in Flight and Ships in Water; Also, a Craft at Home Both in the Air and On the Land*

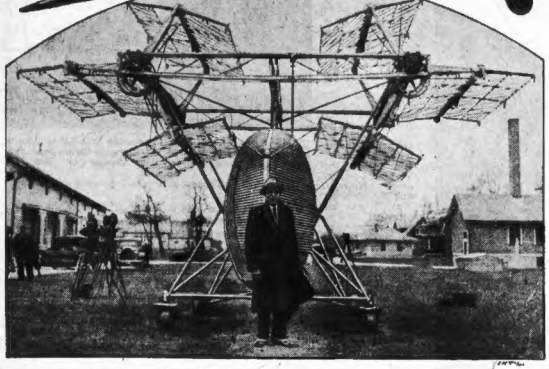


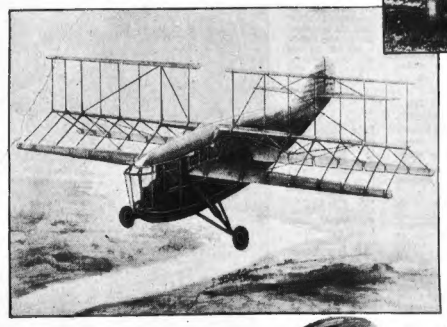
The Italian Stipa-Caproni Tubular Plane as It Would Appear in Flight.



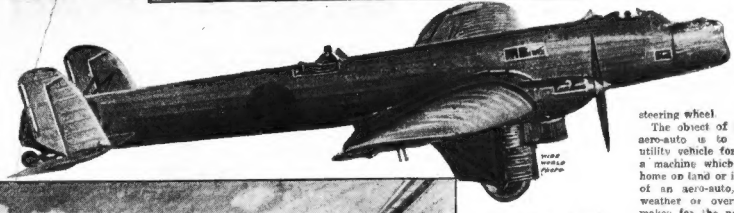
Looking Through the Body of the Barrel Plane, and Showing the Pilot in His Queer Turret Cockpit and the Single Passenger Climbing to His Place Behind Him.

Below—The German "Side-Wheeler" Plane, Which Works on the Principle of the Old Paddle-Wheel Steamships. The Photograph Shows the Craft Invented by Dr. Adolf Rohrbach and Which Has Made Successful Flights.





The "Feather-Wing" Plane, With Its Three Revolving Wings on Each Side, Invented by Jonathan E. Caldwell, of Madison, New Jersey.



Latest Type of Aerial Battleship—the Fairey Long-Range Bomber of the British Air Forces.

FLYING-BARREL and paddle-wheel airplanes are the latest rivals to the conventional type of aircraft. Inventors both in this country and abroad are also experimenting with the "aero-auto," a flying machine that can quickly be converted into an automobile by removing the wings or folding them over the top of the body.

The barrel-plane has the backing of the Italian Government and has made successful trial flights. Instead of the usual fuselage, this plane resembles an empty barrel with wings attached. The inside of the tube, however, is straight. The motor is mounted on a steel framework inside the tube and drives a tractor, or "puller," propeller whose tips just clear the front rim of the tube.

The pilot and a single passenger are perched in a tandem cockpit atop the tube. Their vision is unobstructed in every direction. The usual tail mechanism and two landing wheels complete the "flying barrel."

Several advantages are claimed for the tubular aircraft. Efficiency of the propeller is said to be increased 6 to 10 per cent because of the free sweep of the air blown behind it. This slipstream, as the air blown back by the blades is called, in turn strikes the rudder and elevators by which the plane is guided to right and left, and up and down.

The slipstream from the barrel-plane is less affected by outside aerial disturbances, such as winds, air currents and "pockets," than in an ordinary plane, and thus strikes the guiding mechanisms squarely, increasing ease and precision of control. This adds stability to the entire plane.

Luigi Stipa, an Italian engineer, is inventor of the flying barrel. The successful model was made at the great Caproni factory at Milan, and the craft is known as the Stipa-Caproni. The Italian Government is financing further experimentation. The touring plane, shown on this page, is driven by a single 120-horsepower de Havilland "Gypsy III." engine. The entire machine weighs only 1,768 pounds. It has a wing span of 49 feet 9 inches and a wing area of 204.5 feet.

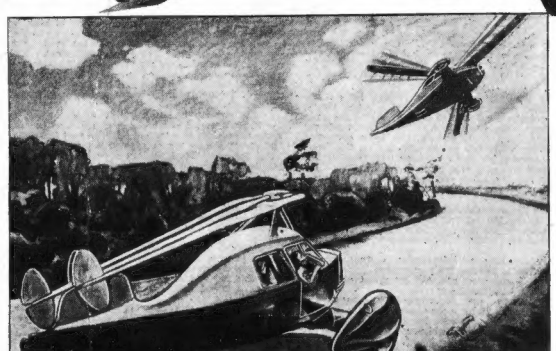
The inventor, however, has his eyes on bigger things than this small, light two-seater. He claims that the tubular principle is especially adaptable to large, multi-motored aircraft, and even to stratospheric machines. He is now at work on plans for a stratospheric aircraft in which he expects to fly from Paris to New York in twelve hours. A stratospheric plane, it will be recalled, is one, like Professor Piccard's famous balloon, that travels in the thin atmosphere above the thicker layers of air immediately over the earth.

Signor Stipa also plans a great plane to carry many passengers and several tons of freight by utilizing his tubular principle for commercial air traffic. He contemplates a huge craft with cantilever wings in each of which will be housed two or more tubes, each with motor and propeller. Backed by the Italian Government treasury and with all the resources of the Caproni works at his disposal, the inventor feels confident he can turn out both a satisfactory stratospheric plane and a successful carrier of heavy loads of freight and passengers.

The "paddle-wheel" plane is even more of an innovation than the flying barrel, though inventors have experimented with the principle of a movable wing ever since flying became a reality. But the paddle-plane differs from all previous types of movable wings. It gets back to the basic principle of the first steamships, "side-wheelers," as they were called. The screw-propeller succeeded the side-paddle on steamers and was early adapted to the use of aircraft. Now both German and American engineers are returning to the paddle principle for airplanes. A German model of an air "side-wheeler" has been flown, and a commercial aircraft with this revolutionary principle is under construction.

The German designer of the paddle-plane is Dr. Adolf Rohrbach, hard-headed and successful builder of practical aircraft, and especially noted for his metal airplanes. The Rohrbach "side-wheeler" has three blades on each paddle. The secret of successful flight, it was found by experimentation with models, is found in the adjustment of the pitch of the revolving blades, that is, in the precise angle with which they meet the air.

By changing the pitch of the blades, the plane can be made to go forward, straight up in the air or to hang stationary in the sky. It will also descend vertically like an autogyro. Also, like the blades of an autogyro, the paddles of the Rohrbach machine continue to revolve in descent even with the engine stopped. For this reason it is claimed that the device is absolutely "fool-proof," with no possibilities of spins and crashes.



The German "Aero-Auto" Which Travels Equally Well on Roads and in the Air. On Land the Rotor Blades Fold Back Like a Bird's Wings, as Shown in the Illustration.

Although the craft carries the usual tail rudder, it is possible for the pilot to make right or left turns merely by varying the speed of one or the other of the two rotors. Every possible control, it is asserted, can be effected by changing speeds of the individual paddles and by adjusting the pitches of the blades.

Technically, Dr. Rohrbach claims for his "side-wheeler" lift, load-carrying capacity, ceiling and cruising range comparable with those of conventional aircraft of equal size, weight and power. The dimensions of his craft are actually smaller than those of equivalent propeller machines. In addition to standing still in the air, it is claimed the paddle-plane can do any aerial maneuvre of any other machine.

The first practical Rohrbach "side-wheeler," illustrated on this page, has a wing-span of 43 feet and a length of 46 feet. It is equipped with two Argus engines of 120 horsepower each, giving it a cruising speed of 95 miles an hour. In the United States, Haviland H. Platt, an engineer, has designed a small-scale model of a similar paddle-plane, which is undergoing tests at the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics in New York. It is planned to build a full-scale working model as soon as possible. Dr. Rohrbach devoted several years' study to his "side-wheel" model before building his first workable machine.

Another rotating-wing plane has been invented by Jonathan E. Caldwell, of Madison, N. J. It differs materially, however, from the paddle-wheel principle of Rohrbach and Platt. In their machines, the axes of the paddle-wheels are at right angles to the length of the craft. In the Caldwell machine, the axes of the two sets of revolving wings are parallel with the length. The two sets of three wings each are at the top of the fuselage, one set on each side. When the wings revolve, the ship is expected to be lifted into the air. Forward movement will be obtained, theoretically, by tilting the wings, so that the air will be thrown backward as well as downward.

But the feature of this strange plane are great numbers of little flaps on each wing which open and close much as the feathers on a bird's wing. The craft takes its name, the "feather-wing" plane, from these flaps.

On the upward swing of the rotating wing, the flaps open to permit the air to pass through without resistance. But on the downward or power stroke, the flaps automatically close so that the air lifts the plane. It is expected that, by adjusting the tilt of the wings, the craft can be made to rise or descend vertically.

Another revolutionary airship was exhibited at the recent German Light Airplane Show in Berlin. It was called the "aero-auto" and was another attempt to realize a dream of inventors since flying began. The aero-auto is a windmill propelled aircraft whose three blades can be folded back over the roof of the cabin when the machine is used on the road as an automobile. The cabin comfortably holds four persons.

The aero-auto has no propeller. All propulsion is furnished by the three autogyro blades on top of the cabin. Forward impetus is provided by round wings at the tips of the windmill blades. This arrangement, technically known as the Voith-Schneider principle, is a sound shipbuilding practice but never before has been applied to aircraft. The aero-auto therefore combines principles of air, land and water locomotion.

An air-cooled, heavy-oil burning engine provides the power for both the windmill action in the air and the front-wheel drive road-auto. Elevator and aileron control is effected by narrow flaps on the windmill blades, controlled by the usual type of automobile steering wheel.

The object of the designer of the aero-auto is to provide a general utility vehicle for the private owner, a machine which will be equally at home on land or in the air. The pilot of an aero-auto, running into bad weather or overtaken by darkness, makes for the nearest field or open space lands, folds his wings and continues his journey by road independent of flying conditions.

On everyday journeys, too, no time is wasted on arrival at the airdrome in housing the machine or waiting for road transport. The drive is merely transferred from the rotors to the road wheels and the aero-auto driven out of the airport up to the owner's front door, and into his garage.

A somewhat similar land-and-air machine is being constructed at Springfield, Massachusetts, by the Granville Aircraft Company. It is called tentatively, the "ascender," and while not so revolutionary as the German aero-auto, it has the same aim.

The ascender is operated by a pusher propeller on land as well as in the air. On land the wings and tail are removed and a strong guard placed around the propeller. Transformation from air to a land craft requires no more than twenty minutes, it is claimed. The machine is controlled at all times by a steering wheel, and it is said that any expert automobile driver can safely take it into the air without flying experience. The ascender is a two seater, powered with a 110-horsepower Warner Scarab engine. Its cost, it is estimated, will be no more than that of a medium-priced motor car.

In striking contrast to the other airplanes pictured on this page is the grim-looking, business-like Fairey night bomber, built for the British Royal Air Force and the latest word in aerial weapons of attack. This giant vehicle of destruction is manned by a crew of five, two pilots and three gunners. In addition to 8,000 pounds of bombs, it carries three machine gun cradles—one in front, one in the rear between the two cudders and the third below the fuselage. These leave no "blind spots" for hostile attack.

The machine is fitted with two Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines, giving it a top speed of well over 200 miles an hour. It has a flying radius of 1,000 miles. The gross weight is 19,050 pounds, nearly five tons.

While hopeful inventors experiment with flying barrels, paddle-planes, windmill blades, and combined land-and-air machines, it will be seen that war departments stick to the old, reliable standard type of aircraft.

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# Strange Love-Lives of the Chinese Emperors in Stolen Jehol

## *Romances of the "Sons of Heaven" and Their Charming Favorites in the Fantastically Beautiful Pleasure City the Japs Have Just Captured*

**The Emperor Ch'ien-Lung in Middle Age, Grandson of the Founder of Jehol and Its Most Magnificent and Sentimental Sovereign. (From Sven Hedin's "Jehol.")**
(Copyright E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

THE remote, mysterious city of Jehol, former summer residence of the Chinese Emperors, was, in their predatory campaign in Manchuria, recently stolen by the invading Japanese army and has become an object of lively interest and discussion.

Few realize what a beautiful and fairylike place Jehol was, with its six miles of summer houses, pavilions, temples, parks, pools and beautiful places, all bearing poetical names and created by the Emperors as a labor of love. Sven Hedin, the distinguished Swedish explorer, recently went there and has written a fascinating account of it in his book, "Jehol: City of Emperors," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The primary object of Hedin's journey was to make a replica of the famous Golden Temple, in the Potala, or temple enclosure of Jehol, to be erected in Chicago through the generosity of Vincent Bendix. This Temple was of great importance in the Buddhist religion and the replica will be an object of interest for this reason as well as on account of its artistic beauty.

But the average reader will perhaps be most interested by the light thrown on the domestic life of the old Chinese Emperors in Sven Hedin's pages. The most beautiful spots in Jehol, such as "The Island of Fulfilled Desires" and "The Garden of Ten Thousand Pine Trees" were created as places where "the Son of Heaven" might enjoy the society of his lovely favorites.

Many of the Emperors were persistent moralists and wrote long treatises inculcating generally excellent morality, supported by good reasoning. To Americans it is hard to understand how they could profess so much morality, while practicing a system of refined but unrestrained sensuality. The explanation is that while their morality was in the main like ours, it was just the opposite in one important respect. With them, to love on a large scale was a virtue.

The Empire was combed for the most beautiful girls to adorn the Emperor's harem, where they were classified into seventeen grades according to their birth and beauty.

### *The Surprising History of the Beautiful Hsiang Fei.*

The girls were maintained amid beautiful surroundings, calculated to heighten their attractiveness, and received endless beauty treatments, so that they perpetually exhaled a delightful aroma, which might reach the Emperor as he strolled in the evening among his pine trees and pavilions. Every girl lived in hope that she would attract the imperial notice, and most of the Emperors on their side considered themselves under a moral obligation to show their favor to as many of their wives as possible.

But the singular fact remains that, while having all this wealth of beauty at their command—and many Chinese girls are really beautiful—several of the Emperors wore their hearts out wooing women whose love they could not win, like ordinary men in other parts of the world.

Such was the experience of the Emperor Ch'ien-lung, grandson of the Emperor K'ang-hsi, creator of Jehol. In this reign a Mohammedan chieftain named Khozi Khan, or "the little Hodja," was defeated and killed by the Chinese. He left a wife named Hsiang Fei, whose beauty was famous throughout Central Asia and has become proverbial. The great Chinese Emperor fell in love with her reputation and determined to possess her.

At first she found refuge with the Sultan of Badakshan. The Chinese general demanded her for the Emperor and finally the Sultan agreed to give her up for "ten pairs of rings of white jade from Honan," a literally priceless ransom. Hsiang Fei was transported to Jehol with unheard of care. The wheels of her carriage were wrapped in strips of felt and the windows hung with brocade. The carriage was so large that she could lie down in it.

In addition to her two favorite ladies, she had twenty slave girls and as many servants, and she always had her own guard of soldiers. Her food was prepared by orthodox Mohammedans. As she was accustomed to a daily bath of sheep's milk and kumiss, it was arranged that these luxuries should be provided on the journey. After her bath her women rubbed her with perfume and she rinsed her mouth with scented tea. In this way she kept her skin soft and white, and an intoxicating perfume followed her wherever she went.

The Emperor was anxiously awaiting to see the Princess in the Summer Palace. He ordered the eunuchs to lead her to his private apartment. Before she entered the room he was conscious of a delightful odor of lotus blossoms. "But," says Sven Hedin, "it was neither the scent of flowers nor perfume; it was something super-human which surrounded her with a mysterious atmosphere. She stepped proudly and defiantly into the presence of the autocrat. It was this man who by his wars had brought about her husband's death. She refused to greet him. She did not deign to favor him with a single glance, but wept silently."

He, the Son of Heaven, who was revered as a god by hundreds of millions, was powerless before the captive princess. Had she given way to the Emperor's desires, she would have been all-powerful like Yang Kuei-fei at the court of the Emperor Hsuan-Tsung during the T'ang dynasty.

The T'ang Emperor was excessively dissipated and Yang Kuei-fei was the favorite companion of his pleasures. Members of the court intrigued for her favor and woe to him who displeased her. At last her caprices became so maddening that there was a rebellion against the Emperor, and to save his own life the frightened ruler sent his beautiful favorite out upon a balcony of one of the palaces, where she was killed by flights of arrows from those who hated her.

But Hsiang Fei's virtue and constancy could not be shaken. The Emperor Ch'ien-lung sat lost in admiration of her. Every sensuous thought vanished. He dared not touch her fingertips. He sat there as if in a dream.

At last he returned to reality, respectfully presented her with a bracelet of pearls and a sceptre of jade, the symbol of good fortune, which she received without a word of thanks, and then he gave the sign that she was to be conducted back to her apartment.

**The Death of Yang Kuei-Fei, Favorite of the Emperor Hsuan-Tsung, 756 A. D. Her Caprices So Infuriated the Chinese That They Rebelled, and the Frightened Ruler Sent Her Out on a Balcony Where She Was Killed by Arrows Shot by Her Enemies. Picture by the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac.**

When Hsiang Fei was back in her apartment she began to laugh and jest and play with her ladies. They whispered together: "How strange. Before the Emperor she was like an image, ice-cold, hard and stiff, and never even thanked him for his gifts. Now she is gay and plays with us like a child."

Her palace stood in a wonderful garden and there she spent her days. She rowed with her ladies upon the lake, climbed up the hill on the Island of Jasper, or hunted deer in the park. There one would often hear the cry: "His Majesty waits upon Hsiang Fei." Her ladies tried to persuade her to meet the Emperor, but she fled up Chai-tsing-lou, "the tower from which the stars are plucked," and a eunuch had to carry word to the Emperor that she could not be found.

One day the Emperor went to Hsiang Fei's room. When still some distance away he heard a merry laugh; he stopped outside the door and peeped around the edge of the hangings. She was sitting with her hair outspread and her bosom bare, being waited upon by a couple of ladies-in-waiting, while two palace girls lay on the floor, their breasts serving her for a footstool. In front of her were two bowls full of pearls, gifts of the Emperor. She gave some to the two ladies and the remainder she threw about the room by the handful, and the serving girls fell upon them.

When the Emperor entered all the women fell on their faces; only Hsiang Fei sat still and seemed not to notice him. The Emperor sat down opposite her, but she never even glanced at him, and at last he withdrew, troubled and gloomy.

One day the Emperor, intoxicated, a most unusual occurrence, went to Hsiang Fei's apartment. Her ladies urged her to rise and greet him, but she remained sitting, her eyes downcast and mutinous.

"Is the lovely one embarrassed?" shouted the Emperor, laughing, and he motioned to the others to go away. When he was alone with her he sat down at her side, took her by the wrist and whispered tenderly: "What a soft, white arm."

Swift as lightning she drew a dagger and would have stabbed him, if he had not had the presence of mind to parry the blow. The point of the dagger grazed his arm and he bled profusely. He was sober in an instant and staunched the flow of blood with his ample sleeve, but wide red stains spread over the golden dragons on his tunic. He let her ladies bind up his wound, and went out, while Hsiang Fei cried that she wished to return home.

This outrage by any other woman would have been punished with death in some painful manner. But, strange to say, the Emperor treated it as a mere thoughtless act of a spirited woman.

At last the welfare of the Empire became endangered by the Emperor's absorption in the beautiful Princess and his despair at winning her affections. His mother, the Dowager Empress Niuhulu, and the Empress Fu-Ch'ai, his principal consort, endeavored to make Hsiang Fei change her attitude, but in vain. Then the able Dowager Empress put an end to the intolerable situation by having Hsiang Fei secretly strangled. Etiquette forbade the Emperor to utter a word of complaint against his mother, but he mourned for Hsiang Fei as long as he lived, and a simple tombstone now marks her resting place beside his splendid mausoleum.

The Emperor Ch'ien-lung had passed through an even stranger love-romance in his youth, when he was known as Prince Pao, son of the Emperor Yung-cheng. Among the Emperor's women was a girl named Ma Chia, who surpassed all the others in beauty. The young Prince fell in love with her.

One day when ladies-in-waiting were arranging her waving black hair the Prince slipped into the room. The young girls prepared to make obeisance to him, but he signalled them to be silent, crept noiselessly up to the back of her chair and put his hands over her eyes. Startled, she asked who it was. The Prince was silent. Ma Chia tried to free herself from the unknown by striking upwards with the ivory comb she had in her hand. The blow struck the Prince on the forehead and he began to bleed. He released her and, with his hands pressed over the wound, hurried out.

The next day the Empress Niuhulu, his mother, noticed the Prince's wound and asked who had done it. Evasion being impossible, he admitted that the concubine Ma Chia had struck him by mistake during a game. The Empress hated the lovely Ma Chia. In a fit of rage she sent for her, had her flogged and then ordered her strangled.

The Prince could not defy the laws of filial piety by interceding for his sweetheart, but went to the place of execution where Ma Chia stood, the cord around her neck, already half strangled. Weeping, the Prince exclaimed: "It is I who am guilty of your death." Then he bit his finger and let a drop of blood fall upon the girl's neck, saying:

"In this life I can do nothing for you, but come back to me in your next existence. Then with my life I will show you my gratitude. As a sign of recognition you shall bear this red spot on your neck."

Her eyes brimming with tears of gratitude, Ma Chia died.

The Emperor Chia-ch'ing's life was shortened and saddened through his hopeless devotion to a beautiful woman. He died in Jehol. The Emperor, who was a great lover of art, wished to have a copy of the Mirror Kiosk at Hsi-hu built in the park at Jehol. They were the work of a very skilful artist named Wang and his wife. The couple were sent to him with the model of the Kiosk. The roof-tiles were of glass, the columns of crystal, and the walls inset with thousands of tiny mirrors that broke up the light in all directions. In the middle was a beautiful ivory bed.

In order that Wang and his wife could appear before him, they had to have some official status, so he bestowed upon them the button of the seventh rank. Wang Sen, the craftsman, shook with fear in the presence of the Son of Heaven, but his wife knelt beside her husband, her head lowered, perfectly calm. Her unusual beauty and the whiteness of her skin made a deep impression on the Emperor and he ordered her to look up. Her eyebrows were two fine arches which almost reached the dark hair beside her temples, and the red on her cheeks glowed against the white skin. Her beauty far surpassed that of all the young women in the Emperor's Palace.

The Emperor retained Wang and his beautiful wife to make models for him. From time to time, overcome by his emotion, the Emperor would have drawn her into his arms, but she resisted, saying with tears in her eyes:

"Your Majesty, three thousand beauties stand at your beck and call. Why will you steal from me my virtue as a wife?"

**Hsiang Fei in Armor, Most Fascinating Woman in Jehol's History, Courted in Vain by the Emperor Ch'ien-Lung For Years, and Strangled by His Mother to End His Anguish.**
(Copyright, 1933 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

### *How the Poor Workman's Virtuous Wife Resisted the Great Emperor.*

For ten months the Emperor besieged Wang Sen's wife, but she wrote to her husband that she had been faithful to him. She begged the Emperor to let her return home after a year. But still he would not let her go. Finally she threw herself into the lake of Jehol and was drowned, and poor Wang Sen followed her and joined her in death.

After this tragedy the Emperor Chia-ch'ing pined away and was never the same again.

The great Emperor K'ang-hsi, who built Jehol, was remarkable for his virtue, kindness and moderation in everything, even in matrimony. His moderation is strikingly set forth in the following official memorial by the Grand Secretary:

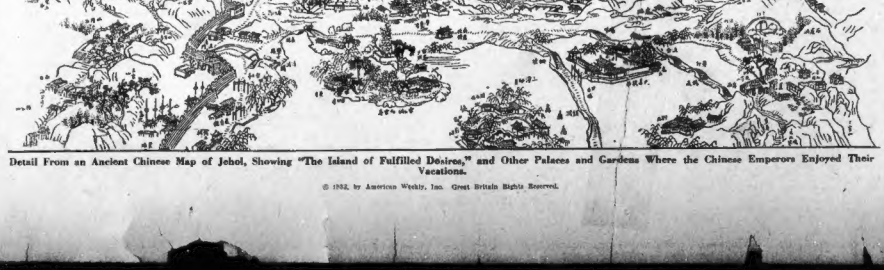
"According to the Book of Rites, the Emperor has six Empresses, three Fu Jen, nine Pin, twenty-seven Shih Fu, eighty-one Yu Tê'i (concubines of different grades). In addition to these, who are the wives with titles, must be added thousands of palace-girls and serving-women. As T'ang T'ai-tsung, a good Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty, freed three thousand palace girls at one time, it is evident that there were still thousands left. Now, without counting Ch'ih Ning Kung and Ning Shou Kung, in Chien Ch'ing Kung (the Emperor's palace), reckoning from the imperial concubines down to and including the serving women, their number is but one hundred and thirty-four, which is truly but a small number. Such a thing as that has never been known since the Three Dynasties, and even before the Three Dynasties it had never been equaled. The frugality and great virtue of your Majesty far exceed that of the past."

One famous woman whose life was intimately associated with Jehol was the Dowager Empress Te'u-hsi, who ruled over China within the memory of many now living. At eighteen she entered the harem of the Emperor Hsien-feng. This monarch was a disgrace to China because he did not care for women, but at least Te'u-hsi did not displease him, and in some way she became the mother of a son.

From the moment she entered the harem she rose rapidly to supreme power in the Empire. She took as a lover Yung Lu, chief of the palace guard, who had been her fiance before the Emperor acquired her. Her great opportunity came when the French and English invaded China in 1860. The Emperor Hsien-feng hanged himself during the disturbances.

The Empress ordered the faithful Yung-lu to proceed to Jehol with 4,000 men as a guard for the imperial funeral procession. With the aid of this army she seized the Prime Minister, Su-shun, who was conspiring against her, had him beheaded and hung his head up in a wicker cage for all to behold.

Her son became the Emperor T'ung-shih, but she held the real power and ruled the empire for fifty years as the Dowager Empress Te'u-hsi.



**Detail From an Ancient Chinese Map of Jehol, Showing "The Island of Fulfilled Desires," and Other Palaces and Gardens Where the Chinese Emperors Enjoyed Their Vacations.**

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# Couldn't Find a Perfect Chorus Girl So Showed Her in Parts

## Despairing of Discovering a 100 Per Cent Footlight Beauty, Viennese Producers Introduce a Composite One---With Unexpected Results From the Wives and Sweethearts of the Men in Audience

Traute Kloss—"Arms and Neck" of the Odd Production

Olivia Fried—the "Face" of the Viennese Production, Selected as 100 Per Cent Kissable.

Nany Neidhardt — the "Perfect Eyes" of the Composite Beauty

Blumenstock Holward, the "Perfect Legs" of the Show.

So Miroly Hid Her Shoulders and Competed With Blumenstock for the "Perfect Legs" Title.

Miroly Fuhringer—"Shoulders," Who Received a Couple of Eggs on Them, Thrown by Indignant Wives and Sweethearts.

VIENNA, April 5.

KARL FARKAS and Franz Engel, Vienna's most prolific musical comedy producers, haven't had much luck with their shows in the past few years. They realized something was needed and determined to provide it.

Vienna, the City of Beautiful Women, must be given something absolutely novel to lure reluctant customers to the box office. After long thought, the producers had an idea. The City of Beautiful Women should be given a show with perfect women, from the standpoint of beauty. But where to get these absolutely perfect beauties?

Somewhere in the world there might exist an all-round, 100 per cent beautiful girl who is perfect from the top of her glossy hair to the tip of her manicured toenails. But probably no creature lives who is such a paragon of physical perfection. Perhaps it is just as well, because if the promoters of the all-perfect show had found the one all-perfect feminine divinity they would still be in a quandary. It takes more than one girl to make a girl-show and they would not have dared to present other even 95 per cent beautiful women, as they would have suffered too much in contrast with the super-girl.

The managers neatly solved all their problems by really presenting 100 per cent feminine perfection—but in sections. They found one girl with a perfect mouth, another with perfect shoulders, others with 100 per cent arms, hands, legs, etc. and lo! they had perfect feminity, so they advertised and filled the long vacant seats of the Moulin Rouge Theatre.

But this triumph was immediately followed by threatened disaster. The promoters, in their zeal for the perfect stage woman, overlooked the far greater number of women in the country who can never hope to qualify as even 50 per cent perfect beauties. They resented the all-perfect chorus and especially the name of the show: "Kusst Osterreichische Frauen!" which in plain English means "Kiss Austrian Girls!"

The women of Vienna, the capital and the City of Beautiful Women, did not take the show and its name so much to heart as did the plainer women of the provinces. In the neighboring town of Salzburg, especially, indignation was aroused. The women's clubs of Salzburg adopted resolutions declaring "it's all wrong to present a show with such a title—too much of a temptation for the susceptible male." Then they petitioned the government to suppress the production, or at least have the title changed.

In America this would have been a serious threat to the peace of mind of the producers. The "reform" newspapers would have run editorials denouncing the show, pastors would have thundered from the pulpits and Committees of Ninety-nine and One Thousand and One would have stormed the governor and the legislature. But fortunately for "Kiss Austrian Girls!" the women's clubs in Austria are taken much less seriously than in "free America." Indeed, the protest collapsed quickly when Karl Farkas, leading comedian and co-promoter of the production, pointed out that no one had asked the Moulin Rouge audiences to kiss any members of the Salzburg women's clubs.

So "Kiss Austrian Girls!" is blazed across the front of the theatre in huge electric lights and at every performance capacity audiences of men rush in all too eager to accept the invitation.

The beauties are all Austrian girls; the promoters are great admirers of the late Flo Ziegfeld and they certainly are glorifying the Austrian girl. The entire show is an imitation of a "Follies" show, though some of the skits are much broader and all the costumes much narrower than anything ever presented in the heyday of New York's New Amsterdam Theatre. When Vienna producers set out to glorify their girls, they don't believe in hiding their glories under silks and satins. Very little is left to the imagination of the Moulin Rouge audiences. Vienna theatre patrons pay to see, not to imagine, anyway.

The beauties were picked by experts after long deliberations, and, it will be remembered, each for some particular beautiful part. The result is somewhat confusing, to the non-expert, but wholly successful and pleasing.

For instance, Fraulein Olivia Fried was selected for her perfect face, and Fraulein Lola Hubner for her 100 per cent delectable lips. It would seem a perfect face would include a perfect mouth. But no, the experts point out that the face must be considered as a whole, with each feature in its relation to every other.

Fraulein Fried, they declare, was fortunate in having features that blended into a charming 100 per cent countenance. Fraulein Hubner, on the other hand, had such perfection of lips that she could not be denied first place for this feature alone. This, they said, was no reflection on the rest of her face as well as Olivia's.

The average male theatregoer would probably grab either one blindfolded and kiss her without knowing the difference, or caring. Likewise, none would rebuff Lola's smiles because the experts didn't think her mouth blended into the rest of her face as well as Olivia's.

Fraulein Traute Kloss is the proud possessor of two 100 per cent parts, arms and neck. She is one of those regal figures, but nevertheless 100 per cent kissable as well as perfect in arms and neck. A noted physician recently advised kissing on the back of the neck to prevent the spread of influenza, and if this custom is ever adopted, Traute will undoubtedly be the most sought after girl in the world.

For 100 per cent shoulders, Fraulein Miroly Fuhringer was chosen. Not only do her shoulders have the perfect rounded droop, but they are exquisitely soft in texture and pure white in coloring. But with all these charms, poor Miroly was the only member of the perfect ensemble to suffer physical violence from the indignant women spectators before the rebellion was quelled by Comedian Farkas' "squelcher."

Fraulein Fuhringer suffered the indignity of having a couple of over-ripe eggs land on those marvelous shoulders. Many jealous women wanted to scratch Olivia Fried's perfect face, smack Lola Hubner's smiling lips or wring Traute Kloss' lovely neck, but Miroly Fuhringer's alabaster shoulders were all they could get at, so they said it with eggs. Two of them hit the perfect shoulders.

Legs are very important to a musical show and so the selection of a girl with just the right pedestals for the composite beauty was a serious task. After long and careful deliberation—and inspection—the judges finally decided on Fraulein Blumenstock Holward for this distinguished honor.

But Miroly didn't like her reception and said she had better legs than Blumenstock, anyway. So she insisted upon covering her shoulders and uncovering her legs, thus competing with Blumenstock for the title.

Other members of the Moulin Rouge composite perfect beauty are Riva de Stephany, back; Lea Rivelly, bosom, and Mimi Shorp, toes. Fraulein Nany Neidhardt is the "perfect eyes." She is a stunning platinum blonde. Trude Schweda, who was recently selected as Miss Austria in a Vienna beauty contest, drew the job in the Moulin Rouge show as the 100 per cent "vamp," which may explain why she became Miss Austria over all these other beauties. As the Salzburg women's clubs complained, Austrian males are very susceptible.

The star of the show is none other than the same Mimi Shorp who just wriggled into the composite beauty with her perfect toes. But she uses these toes to good advantage. She is a clever and indefatigable dancer. Besides, she is a talented singer of light opera and very popular with Vienna music lovers.

Fraulein Shorp has other claims to distinction. She is a lively, smiling blonde with brown eyes and small, even, glistening white teeth. Her teeth alone should have won her a place in the composite beauty, but perhaps the managers thought it wise not to call attention to their girls' teeth because of the well-known inroads made by these same teeth on lobster and other expensive foods after the show.

In striking contrast to the charming young women of the production are its leading comedians, Farkas and Engel, who have already been mentioned as the producers and authors of "Kiss Austrian Girls!" They are no beauty prize winners.

Herr Engel is extremely fat, but this apparently increases his comic appeal, for he is very popular throughout Austria. His vogue can be compared only to that of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle's in the American movies before scandal ruined his career. Herr Farkas, on the other hand, is tall and spare. His chief physical feature is a long nose which resembles that of the American "Schnozzle" Durante. He is famous for his rapid-fire delivery of jokes.

Besides the girls and these two comedians, the show consists of a series of what are known in Vienna as "one minute plays." These are the familiar "black-outs" of the American stage; a spicy situation, a rapid climax—and then the lights snapped out and a swiftly descending curtain.

The Austrian producers do not display much originality in their "black-outs." They are nearly all variants of the eternal bedroom triangle. A man and woman are embracing. An outraged husband rushes in and shoots them dead only to discover he is in the wrong house. He greets startled inquirers with a polite bow and makes a hurried exit as the light is doused.

In another scene a pretty wife is seated on a boy friend's lap as the curtain rises. The couple are embracing ardently and all about are signs of an enjoyable evening. From the radio come the soft strains of a popular love song. Champagne is bubbling in glasses on a small table, while several "dead soldiers" on the floor and a napkin-covered bottle in a silver bucket indicate a plentiful supply. A smoking stand is heaped with cigarette butts and two fresh pellets are sending up spirals from an ash tray.

Into the convivial scene rushes, unexpectedly, the husband. He stops short on seeing his wife on another man's lap, and cries:

"Ah, playing charades again, I see."

The girls of the show are evenly divided between blondes and brunettes, which doesn't seem to prove anything at all. Of the girls shown on this page, "Miss Legs" and "Miss Arms and Neck" are brunettes; "Miss Face" is a garden variety blonde, and "Miss Shoulders" and "Miss Eyes" are platinum blondes.

The Vienna producers neatly sidestepped the perfect hair problem by engaging half blondes, half brunettes. But there is not a red-head in the show. The plain women of Austria, however, "saw red" plenty when "Kiss Austrian Girls!" appeared.

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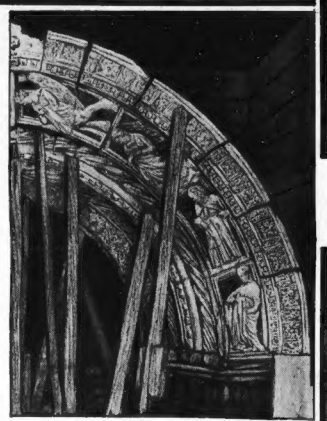
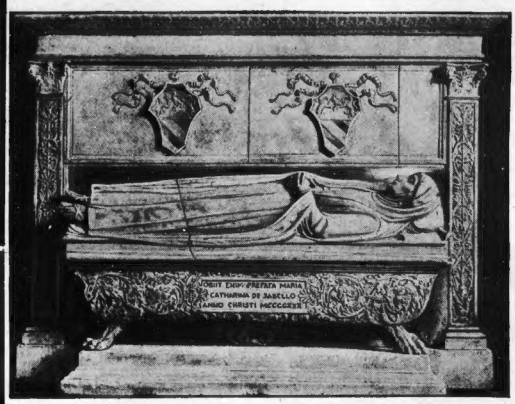
# "Old Masters" by a Living Sculptor

## *Alceo Dossena, Whose Clever Imitations of Antiques Brought Enormous Sums From Humbugged Art Collectors, Gets Very Small Prices When His Masterpieces Are Sold Under His Own Name*

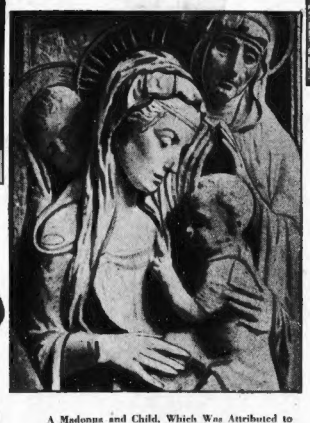
Figures of Two Angels by Dossena, Which Were Placed at Each End of a Tomb in the Style of Mino da Fiesole (1430-1484) and Which Were Removed and Sold for $100,000 Apiece to a Florentine Collector. The Boston Museum Bought What Was Left of the Tomb for $100,000.



Arch Carved by Dossena, Which Was Set Up in an Ancient Castle Near Rome to Give the Atmosphere and Background of Antiquity.




The Exquisite Marble Tomb by Dossena, Which the Boston Museum Bought for $100,000 as the Work of Mino da Fiesole. Dossena Was Careless in Repeating the Same Coat-of-Arms Twice Instead of Giving That of Husband and Wife, Which Aroused Suspicion of Its Authenticity.



A Madonna and Child, Which Was Attributed to the Great Donatello and Sold for a Large Price, but Actually Made by Dossena, One of the Finest Examples of His Work.

One of Dossena's Saints Which Was Sold as an Original Donatello, a Master Whom He Imitated With Exceptional Success.

Marble Hand on a Rock in the Greek Style of the Third Century B. C., Showing How Dossena Gave It the Appearance of Great Antiquity by Cracking the Fingers and Imitating the Effects of Exposure to Weather.

Alceo Dossena at Work in His Studio in Rome Creating Some of His "Masterpieces of All Periods of Antiquity."

ALCEO DOSSENA, a talented Italian sculptor, was born five hundred years too late. For several years he has been imitating the work of the great masters from Greek days down to the Italian Renaissance and these "Old Masters," done by the hand of this living sculptor, have fooled the critics and the experts of the great museums of the world.

But an interesting thing happened recently at the sale of many of the works of Mr. Dossena in New York. Before the revelation that the "Old Masters" were counterfeits and while they were supposed to be genuine antiques some of them brought as high as $300,000 each. But at the recent sale, where no pretense was made as to their antiquity, the average price of the works of this highly skilled artist averaged less than $250 each—the same cleverness, the same workmanship by the same hand was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars as an "antique" but only a few hundred dollars if made by a modern, living genius.

Mr. Dossena's art included more than a mere counterfeit of the best workmanship of the "Old Masters"—he added convincing touches of the wear and tear of age and the elements. In the photograph of his "Marble Hand" with spread fingers placed upon a rock, shown in the upper corner of this page, can be seen how cleverly the sculptor has chipped and cracked the marble here and there to show how it had been aged by the centuries.

Mr. Dossena insists that he had no knowledge that his works were being sold as genuine "Old Masters." He labored in his workshop and sold his sculptures for very small sums to men who offered them to museums and private collectors as genuine antiques. Some were buried in the ground, others were set up in front of old tombs and in other ways were given a convincing atmosphere of antiquity and genuineness. Dossena, himself, seems not to have shared in the enormous profits made by those who unloaded these frauds on credulous purchasers, which included The New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Boston Art Museum, The Cleveland Museum and other institutions, where they passed the scrutiny of the experts.

But when the character of Dossena's masterpieces that had been sold to the museums was finally exposed, and it was no longer possible for the European dealers to exploit him as they had done, the works he had on hand were offered for auction under his own name at The National Art Galleries in New York the other day. There were thirty-nine pieces and they brought a total of only $9,125—a ridiculously small sum compared with the amounts paid for the same man's work when it was supposed to be antique. Deducting the commission, expenses for packing and transporting the articles and other expenses, there remained very little for Dossena himself, who must have been working at a remuneration of about $1,300 a year.

One of the pieces at the sale, a beautiful marble fountain in the manner of Mino da Fiesole who lived from 1430 to 1484, was bought by Bertrand Samuels for $375. A few years ago the figures of two angels, believed to be by Mino da Fiesole but really by Dossena, had been bought by the Boston Art Museum for $100,000 apiece.

Dossena is particularly expert in copying the style of the revered Mino da Fiesole. The highest price for a single object at the sale, $675, was paid for a marble relief of the Madonna and Child in the manner of Mino.

A group consisting of an exquisite marble statue of the Madonna and Child and two statues of kneeling women, all in the style of the fifteenth century Nicola Pisano, brought $750. They were said to be exquisite, full of simple piety and reverent feeling. A similar work by Dossena, when it was believed to be a genuine Pisano, was bought by the Cleveland Museum for $100,000.

Mr. Dossena is skilled in imitating the style of the ancient Greek sculptors, but he does not have the same perfect mastery as he has over the early Italian artists. A bronze statue in the early Greek style, said to have been made of ancient Roman bronze coins and some silver, brought $175 at the sale.

Before the exposure of Dossena's mastery of ancient art, a statue of the goddess Athena by him in the same artistic style was bought by the Cleveland Museum for $300,000 in the belief that it dated from about 600 B. C.

This particular statue had been offered to the New York Museum but rejected because their expert's suspicions were aroused when he found that the sculptor had put a Roman nose on a Greek goddess. This was a sad lapse of taste on Mr. Dossena's part. The wise experts of the New York Museum, however, had been stung by another early Greek masterpiece—a little Greek maiden by Mr. Dossena. They are now disinclined to talk about it and it is understood that it is nestling in the cellar.

A marble relief of the Madonna and Child in the manner of the great Donatello went for $475 at the sale to Mr. Benjamin. Before the facts about Mr. Dossena were known several of his sculptures, supposed to be by Donatello, were bought by the museums for $100,000 and more apiece and considered bargains.

An interesting feature of the auction was the sale of "an Annunciation group of a polychromed wood statue of the Virgin and a companion figure of the angel in the manner of Simone Martini" for $600. It is said on the highest authority that Simone Martini (1283 to 1344) was scarcely known as an artist until Dossena created some works in his style. Now genuine creations of Simone Martini are valued at enormous prices—they are very scarce—while a piece by Dossena, who "made" him, is only worth a few hundred dollars.

Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter, one of the best known art experts, writes:

"Perhaps the most amazing of all these objects (at the sale) is the Annunciation group of Simone Martini, who was unknown as a sculptor until Dossena transcended himself to create this astonishingly beautiful wood sculpture in the spirit of the master's painting."

For years Dossena made a scanty living selling his antiques to middle class owners of villas who liked them to give "an antique effect to their houses and gardens." He was lucky to get $100 for a piece of work that if of ancient date would be worth $50,000 to $100,000.

Then a few art dealers and schemers in Rome and Bologna—the place where the original "bologny" came from—heard of him and made arrangements to exploit him unscrupulously while they gave him a mere pittance for his brilliant work. They speeded him up to the limit of his capacity, which eventually spoiled the game, for it became evident even to museum experts that too many works by great masters like Mino da Fiesole were being put on the market.

All his life Dossena had been collecting ancient nails, time weathered pieces of wood and other objects which would help to make an antique. The splintered fragments of an old picture frame were useful, because he could remove and use the gilt and carefully draw out the aged hand-wrought nails. His friends knowing how such gifts pleased him, would pick them up from dumps and ash heaps.

His new employers began to supply him with such material on a large scale. They dug holes in various parts of Italy to account for the discovery of the seemingly old sculptures and to furnish an alluring romance. They conducted intensive research to aid in marketing Dossena's products. By historical research they discovered the names of once famous works of art which had been lost, and rediscovered them.

Dossena's talent in recreating the works of Simone Martini has already been referred to. In one pamphlet of his time the dealers found a reference to some of Simone's carvings, but they had long ago disappeared. Dossena recreated the lost masterpieces. Martini's work was very rare and these specimens were snapped up by connoisseurs at enormous prices.

Dossena had a wonderful knowledge of ingenious methods of aging materials. He could stain marble with chemicals which soaked into the material to such a depth as would be produced by centuries of soaking in the earth. But his exploiters went far beyond his methods and practised deliberate deception.

The unscrupulous dealers concocted a romantic story about a piece of wood carving by Dossena in Renaissance style by actually digging it out of the earth and planting it in a monastery. Then, before the delighted monks got more than one good look at it, it was stolen. The pious monks innocently backed up the fraud by talking indignantly about the theft.

When Dossena used polychrome, as in the case of the "Madonna and Child," bought by the Cleveland Museum as an original Giovanni Pisano, he took a genuine 17th century Italian wood sculpture portraying the same subject. Then he cut out bits here and there, replacing them with other bits of old wood until he had worked it over into the style of Pisano.

Dossena had carved an arch in ancient style, and these schemers set it up in a really ancient castle, near Rome, to deceive an American collector.

These unique bogus antiques were marketed by the wicked dealers all over the world. They were accepted as unmistakably genuine by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the celebrated Berlin Museum director, who once fell for the bogus "bust of Flora" but never lost his reputation, and by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, formerly of the New York Museum.

Prominent American private collectors, including Miss Helen Frick, the heiress of the steel magnate, eagerly bought Dossena's masterpieces. Then the deception, which had been practiced on so great a scale, gradually came to light. The surprising flow of "priceless treasures of antiquity" began to excite suspicion. This had not been noticed at once because there is a law in Italy, Greece and other countries forbidding sending ancient art treasures out of the country. They can, therefore, only be obtained by secretly smuggling them out. When a foreign museum purchases such objects it keeps the transaction secret for some time because although not legally responsible it does not wish to be known as benefiting by an illegal transaction. Recently the New York Museum exhibited some Greek statuettes they had owned for fifteen years, but had not shown them because of the way they left Greece.

The discovery already referred to that Dossena's statue of a Greek goddess had a Roman nose, was followed by another concerning his famous tomb by the great Mino da Fiesole. An unusually clever expert noticed that the artist had carved the husband's coat-of-arms twice on the tomb. It was customary in Italy to represent the arms of both husband and wife in such cases, and the old artist would never have committed such a breach of etiquette as to omit one of them.

The marketing of this tomb was itself a business masterpiece. The dealers removed the two angels and sold them for $100,000 apiece to a Florentine collector after the Vienna Museum had refused to buy the whole thing. They then sold what was left of the tomb to the Boston Museum for $100,000.

When poor Dossena in his humble studio learnt of the immense sums that had been obtained for his works, he started suit for a share of the profits. Several purchasers also resorted to law to recover the money they had paid, but many preferred to keep discreetly silent. Only a few got any of their money back. The objects had passed from one hand to another several times and it was impossible to fix the responsibility. Several of the dealers concerned had conveniently gone bankrupt.

Artists of genius have before now made imitations of the antique. When Michelangelo was poor and unappreciated, he was exasperated to see old statues of no great artistic merit dug from the earth and sold at high prices simply because they were supposed to be ancient Greek.

He fashioned a Cupid in Greek style and had it buried in a vineyard outside Rome and there dug up, and had word sent to Cardinal San Giorgio, a great collector. His Eminence eagerly snapped up the piece for 200 ducats, equivalent to about $4,000. Then Michelangelo told the facts, and the episode helped to establish him in Rome. The Cardinal took the matter good-naturedly, but appears to have got his money back. The Cupid passed to the terrible Cesare Borgia and then to the fascinating Isabella d'Este after the facts about it were known.

No one seems to have created a greater number of first-class imitations than Alceo Dossena, but he has not had the reward of Michelangelo.



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# Rich Young Mr. Towne's Disappointed Cinderellas

## The First Was a Poor Tailor's Daughter, the Second His Mother's Maid---and Just Like the Old Fairy Tale Began Their Romances, But Not a Bit Like It Is the Way They've Ended

Belvedere, the Mansion Which Is the Family Home of the Townes on Long Island Sound, Where Some Future Cinderella May Find Happiness.

YOUNG Mr. Joseph Meredith Towne, of Stamford, Connecticut, and possible heir of one of America's greatest fortunes, has had two Cinderellas. The first was so disappointed with her "Prince Charming" that she divorced him. And now his second wants a divorce, too, with $150,000 alimony and the custody of Mr. Towne's (and her) son and heir.

Mary Prendergast Towne, Cinderella No. 2, was certainly a "Cinderella" if ever there was one in real life. By marriage she promoted herself from his mother's serving maid to wife of young Joseph Meredith Towne, millionaire, of Stamford, Connecticut, and possible heir of one of America's great fortunes.

The first disappointed "Cinderella" was Dorothy Ravin Towne, a tailor's daughter, who had worked in the rich locksmith's factory. And one of Mary's complaints is that she suspects a third "Cinderella" is on her way to fill Mary's slippers.

Mary says that returning from a visit one day, she found that "Prince Charming" had allowed some other woman to park her pink silk undies under Mary's very own bed. Besides this carelessness, she asserts that he only married her in order to have a child, not, she says, that he loves children especially, but because one would be necessary for him to collect an extra half-million from the will of his grandfather, Henry R. Towne, the famous founder of the locksmith business.

Mrs. Towne, Sr., Looking Very Much Like a Fairy, but Not at All a Fairy Godmother to Her Son's Two Cinderellas, So They Say.

Dorothy Ravin, the Tailor's Daughter, Who Was Young Mr. Towne's First Wife.

This alleged mercenary basis of her romance, she thinks, was bad enough. But when she made good, delivering a fine baby boy, worthy of perpetuating the name and fortune of Towne, somehow Joseph did not collect the money after all. And just for that, she says, he wasn't nice to her any more.

This she is sure is cruelty for which she ought to be paid $150,000. Out in Elliston, Montana, Chester Farnham Joray thinks that Mary has been a bit cruel herself. He had traveled all the way from his ranch on the strength of Mary's promise to marry him, and the very day she eloped with young Towne he was ringing doorbells in Stamford and asking the plaintive question:

"Anybody here seen my Mary?"

This cruelty, however, is "irrelevant and immaterial" in the divorce suit, because Mr. Joray ... Mary's divorced husband. It was only a promise to remarry.

The reason two "Cinderellas" have found Joseph "cruel" and otherwise unsatisfactory, so that he may need a third one, has been blamed upon his gifted mother's excessively careful bringing up of her only son. In fact, Mrs. Mary Prendergast Towne brought and dropped a $100,000 suit for alienation of affections against the widow, now seventy years old. Mrs. Constance Gibbon Towne is famous as a philanthropist, aesthete and advocate of "nature" dances in which little but nature's simple garb is worn.

And it is said that very few girls, no matter how proper and demure, were allowed to get very close to the padlock heir. When he reached the age of eighteen, Mrs. Towne viewed with alarm the prospect of her son going to Yale, where he might associate with rough college boys and get hurt on the football team.

She need not have worried. Fate had other and worse plans. Instead of going to Yale the boy announced that he would rather go to work in his grandfather's huge lock-making factory. The mother forbade it, but an even greater power overruled the dowager. Joseph's grandfather was delighted, and Joseph went to work.

Among the factory girls was Dorothy Ravin, daughter of a Jewish furrepairer and trousers-presser, of Stamford, Connecticut. She also seems to have been the victim of too much parental care. Dorothy had had an honest job behind a soda fountain until such time as a nice orthodox boy should come along and marry her.

One day, when her busy father was not looking, she won a beauty contest for which she received a severe lecture, but the damage had been done. The telephone in the tailor shop kept ringing evenings, and strange young male voices asked for "Dotty." Much concerned, Mr. Ravin decided to take another look at her job, found the street outside the place where she worked full of expensive cars and her fountain surrounded by gilded youths, all trying to flirt with his daughter.

The Present Mrs. Towne, Formerly Mother Towne's Maid, Who Is Suing for Divorce, and Her Son.

"No good will come of that," said Mr. Ravin. He made Dorothy resign and found her a job where gilded youth could not get at her, and she would see only honest working men of her own class. This nice, safe place was in the huge Yale and Towne factory. Mr. Ravin no more dreamed that she would rub elbows in there with the padlock heir than did Mrs. Towne that the apple of her eye would come under the spell of a beauty-prize winner. It was, in brief, the "Abie's Irish Rose" situation in real life. The humble Ravins were fully as much upset as were the wealthy and aristocratic Townes when the romance was discovered. But it was too late to be stopped —the young couple had eloped.

After a while Joseph's mother forgave the elopers and took her boy back to a life of luxury. She was now resigned to having this unwelcome daughter-in-law in the family indefinitely. But under these circumstances of pleasant idleness, the romance rapidly died because "Cinderella" and "Prince Charming" had leisure to discover how annoyingly different they were in tastes.

She complained that he had the worst possible fault in a rich husband, stinginess. Dorothy said that once when she took a girl-friend for a ride to show off her millionaire husband and asked him to go into a candy store and get them some chocolates, he bought them two penny bars of chocolate.

Young Mr. Joseph Meredith Towne, Heir to the "Locksmith Millions."

Dorothy said that under pressure of the family she renounced her own faith and embraced that of her husband. Soon after this the elder Mrs. Towne suggested to Dorothy, so she alleged, that it would be an excellent thing if she retired into a convent.

"More likely into a lunatic asylum!" Dorothy burst out in answer and started divorce proceedings. After considerable legal skirmishing she got her freedom on the grounds of cruelty and a settlement, said to have been only $35,000. She is now the wife of a California traffic cop.

Cinderellas have a right to behave somewhat differently from other girls, perhaps; but Mr. Towne's first Cinderella did a truly remarkable thing. After going to all the trouble of getting her divorce, swearing to all those mean things she said he did to her, and marrying the Los Angeles traffic cop, she wrote Mr. Towne, last year, this letter:

"To whom it may concern. In justice to my former husband, J. Meredith Towne, whom I have wronged deeply, I wish to retract everything that I have said against him during the proceedings of my divorce. I wish the public to know that Mr. Towne is just the opposite of what I claimed him to be."

Mr. Towne held the letter for more than a year, but when his second Cinderella began saying things about him, too, he took it to a Bridgeport, Conn., paper, which published a fac-simile of it. Mr. Towne says that he doesn't know why Dorothy wrote that letter, that it was entirely unsolicited and that it must have been due to "a blow of her conscience."

At any rate, right after the divorce, Joseph lost no time in getting himself a second "Cinderella." The old founder, meanwhile, had died, showing in his will that he did not approve of his grandson's behavior. Although the young man had a million in his own right, the grandfather left a couple of trust funds and other properties amounting to a half-million more for Joseph to come into at the age of thirty, provided he fulfilled certain conditions, one of which was to have at least one child by that time. According to Mary Prendergast Towne's story, soon after the youth heard this news he ran over to his mother's house and asked:

"Where's Mary?"

"Mary who?"

"I don't know her last name. I mean that maid you used to have who refused to testify for us against Dorothy."

His mother thought and finally remembered that she was working for Dr. William H. Gandy, a Stamford surgeon — but what did he want to know for?

"Just wanted to ask her something," said Joseph, and hurried to the doctor's house, where Mary Prendergast answered the bell. Joseph asked her to come out for a ride, but Mary declined, explaining that she was busy packing, because the next morning her divorced husband would arrive in town from Montana to remarry her. Joseph insisted that she must see a house he had just bought, and finally she agreed to come out later when her packing was finished.

Mary thought the mansion perfectly lovely, and when she had gotten through praising it the young man caused her almost to fall downstairs by saying that it was for her and he wanted her to marry him right off. And she did.

Mary says she never received that house, nor lived in it, but her mother-in-law, the rest of the family and Stamford society welcomed her, so all was well for a while. The financial importance of a baby was tactfully brought to her attention, she says. In due time it arrived. Then, as if somebody had left a window open on the East wind, there came a sudden chill. It seems that the trustees of the estate had withheld the half-million on another clause, which required that Joseph must also be a responsible person. A millionaire who marries two "Cinderellas" apparently did not qualify as that.

And Mary says that her mother-in-law not only began to treat her again as if she were a servant, but, following her lead, all Mary's new society friends did the same. To get away from the cold shoulders of Stamford, she induced Joseph to buy a house at Bantam Lake, in the foothills of the Berkshires.

The servant-girl wife, returning unexpectedly home from a visit to her friends in Bridgeport, happened to look under her bed. There were some boxes there that she could not remember having put under the bed herself. She opened one of the boxes and lifted up a set of delicate, silken garments. She knew they were not hers—then whose were they?

Investigation of one of the closets revealed clothes which Mary thought she identified as belonging to Miss Dorothy Anderson, daughter of a farmer living nearby. So Mary telephoned High Sheriff Peter Turkington:

"Come to my home right away. I want you to arrest someone who has put her things in my home without my permission."

Sheriff Turkington, accompanied by two aides, arrived simultaneously with Towne, who was accompanied by Miss Anderson.

"I want that woman arrested for trespassing on my property," Mrs. Towne declared, pointing to the farmer's daughter.

"You can't do that," the farmer's daughter retorted. "This is our home."

And, sure enough, she produced a lease of the property by Joseph to her father.

"Well," said Sheriff Turkington, "I can't arrest a woman for putting her clothes under her own bed. You will have to take this matter up in the civil courts." And he departed.

But Mr. Towne tells an entirely different story. He admits that the intimate garments were under the bed, but he says that they were not Dorothy's, but her mother's. The Andersons will come into court to swear that they were Mrs. Anderson's step-ins, says Mr. Towne.

And Mr. Towne denies he married Mary only to get an heir and lost all interest in her when the trustees failed to give the money to him. He says he never had any hope of getting it, but just put in a claim on the chance they might give him something. He says Mary spent a lot of time home with her folks in Bridgeport, and finally served notice on him that she was "through" with him and leaving him for good. Whereupon his second Cinderella packed up the equivalent of her silver slippers and went away.

That's really how the unfortunate incident of the step-ins came to occur. There he was, left all alone on a 60-acre farm with a beautiful 14-room house. He learned that the Andersons, whom he had never met, could be induced to take over the operation of the farm and he gave them a three-year lease. Ma and Pa Anderson moved in, leaving their son and Dorothy to come later. Dorothy hadn't been living in the house at all at the time Mrs. Towne unexpectedly returned and looked under the bed.

"It's ridiculous," says Mr. Towne. "I admit that I frequently stay at the farm, but be assured that Dorothy Anderson has nothing to do with it."

Nor is he going to marry any third Cinderella, or anybody.

"I don't seem to have much luck," he explains sadly.

The Ravin Tailor Shop and House at Stamford, Conn., From Which Young Mr. Towne's First Cinderella Came.

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# Better Bargain to Go to Jail Than Make Restitution

## *Prisons So Attractive Nowadays and Amusements So Varied That Miss Rose Hollander Decides to Enjoy a Few Months' Vacation in Prison Instead of Giving Back the Money She Stole, and Which She Can Enjoy When She Gets Out*

Photo Acme

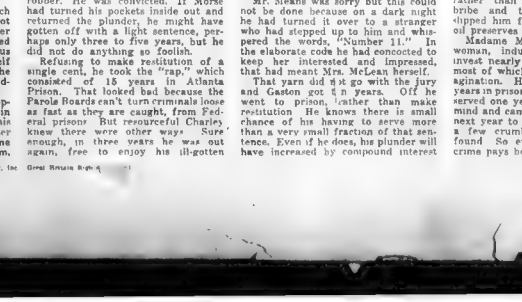
Miss Rose Hollander in the Courtroom Before She Decided She Would Rather Spend a Little Vacation in Jail Than Give Back Her Loot.

What the Best-Dressed Lady Jailbirds Are Wearing—Gay Colored Garments Instead of Stripes and Drab Uniforms of Other Days. Right to Left, a Nurse of the House of Detention for Women Showing the New Sleeping Garments for the "Convicts"; Another Attendant Wearing a Smart Dress in Flowered Design, and the Pharmacist Wearing One of the Colored Work Dresses Designed to Keep From the Sensitive Souls of the Prisoners Any Ideas That They Are Convicts. A Hospital Attendant Is Looking Into One of the "Cell" Mirrors by Which a Lady Crook Can Give Just the Right Color to Her Lips With a Lipstick, Mascara Her Eyelashes, and Make Herself Quite as Beautiful as If She Wasn't in Jail.

One of the Matrons of the New $2,000,000 House of Detention for Women in New York City Showing How Inmates of the Institution Enjoy Many of the Advantages of Club Life—No Bars on the Windows and Pleasant Individual Rooms Fitted With Hot and Cold Running Water, Mirror, Closet Space and Comfortable Beds, Instead of the Old Time Cells.

A Little Country Girl Watering Her Flowers? Not at All. Just Peggy Mahon, Whom They Used to Call "The Bandit Queen" and Who Got 15 Years for Leading a Gang in 100 Hold ups. She Is Caring for the Prison Flowers at Northville, Mich.

College Boys in a Football Scramble? Not Exactly. Members of the Sing Sing Convict Football Squad Playing With an Eleven From the Naval Reserve, Some of Whom Were Active in Sending Their Opponents to Prison.



Convicts Having a Friendly Golf Game on the Prison Course, a Pastime Which Lightens the Tedium of Their Sentences.

SOME people were astonished in a White Plains, N. Y., court the other day when Rose Hollander, a young woman of 24 who had stolen over $6,600 from her employer, chose to take a prison sentence, rather than make restitution.

But nobody need have been surprised. It has become the custom in recent years for thieves, when caught, to give back nothing—and why should they?

As far as known, her employer, Mr. William A. Smith, Tuckahoe Village engineer, is the first person she has ever robbed and at the time of her arrest Rose was a bit rattled and frightened. As his secretary and bookkeeper she had been raising Mr. Smith's checks and pocketing the difference. If the depression had not caused him to let her go and attend to his own books, she might have gone on robbing this trustful soul indefinitely.

The case against her was so strong that there was no hope of acquittal. So at her lawyer's advice, Rose pleaded guilty and threw herself on the mercy of the court. On account of her youth, her sex, and the fact that she had never been caught stealing before, the judge gave her an indeterminate sentence of two and a half to five years in Bedford Reformatory for Women.

But he suspended sentence on condition that the young thief would pay $1,000 within 30 days and the rest at the rate of $50 a month. The young girl gratefully accepted this moratorium at first and was given 30 days out on bail in which to dig the first $1,000 of the plunder from wherever it might be hidden. But when she had gone home, talked it over with friends both honest and dishonest, and had time to learn a few real inside facts about the "prison racket," she changed her mind and decided not to give back a nickel of it.

Someone had revealed to Rose that if she is a "model prisoner," that is one who obeys prison rules and does not make any trouble or extra work for the guards, the generous, kind-hearted Parole Board will probably let her out in a few months. That won't help Mr. Smith. But what does the Parole Board care about Smith? *He is* just an honest man and taxpayer.

When Rose steps out of prison, whatever she has not spent of her stealings are hers to enjoy. Perhaps they are accumulating interest in a savings bank, under some other name. With that nice little nest egg, she will be so much better off than honest girls who have been painfully earning their living through the depression. Naturally Rose can't see any sense in giving any of it back to Mr. Smith.

If the Parole Board should be so cruel as to let the young woman stay behind the bars for a year or two, what of it? Time was when a stretch in prison was such an unpleasant experience that rascals strove to avoid it at any cost, even to giving the loot back to their victim. Crime did not pay so well in those days.

But now, besides the indeterminate sentence and the pardon, with radio, moving pictures, athletics and Broadway actors and actresses entertaining the prisoners, a prison has gotten to be not such a bad place to tuck away in for a while and live at the expense of honest people groaning under the weight of taxation. It is a nice time, too, for the thief to get his or her tonsils and adenoids out, dentistry done and any other surgical or medical attention, all paid for by the taxpayers.

Wouldn't she be silly to give her employer's money back to him and when she gets out have to start on even terms with honest working girls? As it is she can live comfortably on her little stolen nest-egg while she establishes herself in some other State and locates another trusting employer whom she can rob on a bigger scale. Next time, too, she will have had more experience and should know how to get away before she is caught.

*Prisons for women* are now being built comfortable and clubl-ke. In *New York City* there was recently opened a "House of Detention" for women. Not even the ominous words "jail" or "prison" offend the sensibilities of the guests. This institution, built at an expense of $2,000,000 to the taxpayers, contains every modern convenience including roof garden, dance hall, gymnasium, church, library and hospital. Radio amplifiers carry programs to every "private room." There are no "cells."

Yet, when a batch of woman prisoners from Welfare (nee Blackwell's) Island was transferred to this luxurious palace, they protested that the noise from the elevated trains might keep them awake.

Peggy Mahon, who was known as the "Bandit Queen" of Detroit, Mich., is now spending a few years in Northville Prison, because she led a gang of young desperadoes in 100 stick-ups. Small florist shops were their specialty because Peggy loves flowers. She is now being "punished" by being permitted to tend the prison flower garden, maintained at the expense of the robbed florists, among other honest victims of the "Bandit Queen."

Charles W. Morse, the "Maine Ice King," who recently died in bed, a free man, probably did more than anyone else to advertise the crooked wisdom of never returning any of the loot. In 1900, before artificial refrigeration had become common, Morse made himself unpleasantly famous by boosting the price of ice in New York City from 35 cents a hundred weight to 60 cents overnight, during an extra hot Summer.

Of course, politicians do not sell their city out for nothing, but somehow the authorities couldn't or wouldn't get the goods on him and, with the huge fortune he cleaned up, this cheerful robber grabbed control of most of the coastwise shipping from Maine to Galveston, Texas, and at the same time his blighting clutch fell upon five State and four National banks.

Morse neither knew nor cared much about business or banking. He did not build up businesses like Rockefeller and Carnegie. He merely combined profitable concerns, issued enormous quantities of watered stock to himself for his "services," dumped it on the market and left the purchasers holding the empty bag.

The collapse of these looted properties was largely instrumental in bringing on the 1907 panic and, to his surprise, the authorities got after Charley, inviting him to disgorge some of the loot. When he laughed at them, charges of grand larceny and perjury were brought against him. His answer was to hire a brigade of the country's highest-priced lawyers who staved things off for three years, during which time their client made $7,500,000 more in Wall Street.

Then occurred the one unfortunate period in the career of this big-time robber. He was convicted. If Morse had turned his pockets inside out and returned the plunder, he might have gotten off with a light sentence, perhaps only three to five years, but he did not do anything so foolish.

Refusing to make restitution of a single cent, he took the "rap," which consisted of 15 years in Atlanta Prison. That looked bad because the Parole Boards can't turn criminals loose as fast as they are caught, from Federal prisons. But resourceful Charley knew there were other ways. Sure enough, in three years he was out again, free to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. By some mysterious influence it became reported to President Taft that Morse was dying. The President believed the reports and pardoned the robber to die outside the wall.

But Charley made an instantaneous and miraculous recovery and outlived the man who had pardoned him. Also, like most pardoned and paroled crooks, he was soon back at his old tricks, being indicted for fraud, but he had been more cautious and this time beat the rap."

Various heartless persons cashed in on the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, but only one was really punished for it. This was Gaston B. Means, a former Department of Justice investigator. The gentleman, tired of working for a living, decided to get rich quick. He whispered in the ear of Mrs. Edward B. McLean, a rich and trustful woman, prominent in Washington society, that he was in touch with the kidnapers and could get the baby back for $100,000.

Mrs. McLean handed him over that sum plus $4,000 for expenses and for a while had a lot of fun and excitement imagining that she was doing something big. After a long time, when nothing had come of the venture, somebody told the lady that there isn't any Santa Claus and she asked Means to return the money.

Mr. Means was sorry but this could not be done because on a dark night he had turned it over to a stranger who had stepped up to him and whispered the words, "Number 11." In the elaborate code he had concocted to keep her interested and impressed, that had meant Mrs. McLean herself.

That yarn did not go with the jury and Gaston got ten years. Off he went to prison, rather than make restitution. He knows there is small chance of his having to serve more than a very small fraction of that sentence. Even if he does, his plunder will have increased by compound interest in that time to over $150,000, which is more than he could hope to accomplish by hard, honest work as an investigator.

New York City recently had a glaring example of the [illegible] who cleans up a lot of somebody else's money and gets off by serving a short term behind the bars, in Maurice E. Connolly, former Borough President of Queens. The courts found that Mr. Connolly, working in cahoots with others, had milked the city of some $3,000,000 on a $16,000,000 sewer contract. It was estimated that Connolly's split of the spoils was around $115,000.

After a long-drawn-out trial, the former Borough President was fined $500 and sent to jail for a year. He was, in the opinion of the warden, another of those so-called "model prisoners," so he returned to the world of free men after less than 10 months behind the bars. The taxpayers had the dubious satisfaction of paying his board for 10 months, as compensation, together with that humorously trivial fine of $500, for the $3,000,000 they had lost. But it's only the taxpayers' money so who cares?

Perhaps the most spectacular get-rich-quick operator this country ever knew to its sorrow—was Charles Ponzi, a one-time Italian fruit peddler, who pyramided a five-cent postal coupon to $14,000,000 in a few months and went to jail when the pyramid collapsed on his head and the heads of thousands of "investors" who believed him to be a financial wizard.

Ponzi is still in jail, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and is preparing himself for the future he expects to enjoy when he is released in February, 1934.

To date, through those who are administering his affairs he has managed to pay only 27½ per cent of the sum he swindled from the pockets of Americans of all classes. What's left of the money went to make Mr. Ponzi knows and he isn't telling.

Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior during the administration of President Harding, elected to spend one year in prison (less two months for being one of those "model prisoners"), rather than disgorge the $100,000 bribe and the $268,000 that he slipped him for turning over valuable oil preserves to private operators.

Madame Marthe Hanau, a French woman, induced her countrymen to invest nearly $60,000,000 in concerns most of which existed only in her imagination. Her punishment was two years in prison and a $4,20 fine. Marthe served one year, escaped, changed her mind and came back. She will be free next year to enjoy her stealings, only a few crumbs of which have been found. So every day, in every way, crime pays better and better.

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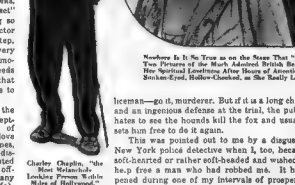
# By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to be a Chorus Girl

## The Hon. Helen Scott Montagu Reveals Her Interesting Experiences in Living on $12.50 a Week After Being Brought Up in the Pampered Luxury of a Wealthy British Earl's Palace

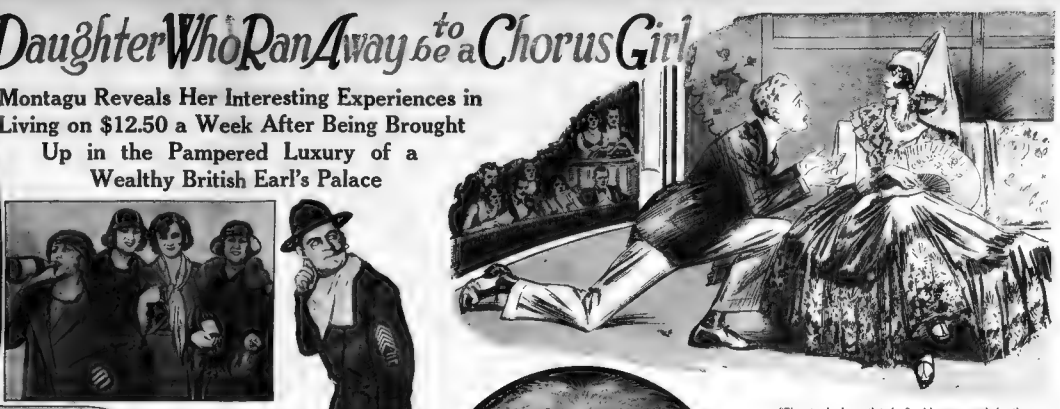
Lord Montagu's Daughter in a Rather Reflective Pose.

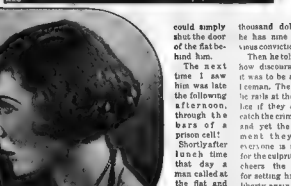
The Gorgeous Creatures as They Appear on the Stage With Minutest Attention Given to Costumes, Coiffure, Make-Up and Pose,—at the Risk—Some of the Norse "Gorgeous Creatures" (Including Lady Montagu) After the Show Is Over in Their Ordinary Street Clothes in the Dressing Room.

Nowhere Is It So True as on the Stage That "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds." These Two Pictures of the Much Admired British Beauty, Lady Diana Manners, Show Her in Her Spiritual Loveliness After Hours of Attention to Make-Up—and Lady Diana, Bluffly Sexless-Eyed, Hollow-Cheeked, as She Really Looks Without the Embellishments of Art.



Charley Chaplin, "the Most Melancholy-Looking Person Worthy Mien of Hollywood," in His Famous Film Make-Up.





Frank Tinney, the Practical Joker, as He Appeared in Stage Costume.

Sir Beerbohm Tree as Caliban. From the Drawing by Albert T. Wright. This Veteran Actor Gave Lady Helen Her First Dramatic Lessons.

By the Hon. Helen Scott Montagu,
Daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

### CHAPTER IV.

*(Continued from Last Sunday)*

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AFTER the comedian Frank Tinney had engineered a fight between two ex-pugilists—are now an actor, the other temporarily a waiter—the two men repaired to an alley. As they pulled off their coats each looked at the other's powerful chest and shoulders in some surprise. It was an actor fighting with a waiter: but the waiter did not know yet that this actor happened to be a very skilful pugilist, and the actor did not know that the waiter happened to be a professional prize-fighter, some fifteen years younger and in first-class condition. Anything might happen. It was one of those infernal situations which Tinney loved to arrange, and he now awaited results, delighted.

The actor, though angry clear through, meant to make a neat, merciful job of it by one clean punch to the point of the jaw. The waiter, still thinking he was facing a mere amateur, came in rather carelessly so that the actor was able to shoot his fist as hard as he dared straight to the mark.

Down went the waiter and Tinney began the count, which I understand was a slow one. Being a professional fighter, the supposed waiter took all of it to recuperate and think. He thought to the point, realizing at last why the features of the man he had been insulting were so strangely familiar. He realized that he was up against a really able boxer.

Also he had sense enough to see that he had the advantage of years and condition so that he should be able to thrash his adversary. All he had to do was clinch and cover up for a few minutes. Then the older man would surely be so arm and leg weary and out of breath that anyone could finish him.

Rising at the count of nine, he put this plan into effect and in another moment the actor realized that he was fighting a young professional and stood a chance of being the disgraced loser of an alley fight with an unknown. Throwing all caution to the winds, he leaped in like a tiger and with lightning speed rained blow after blow so fast that the spectators could hardly see most of them.

Try as he would the waiter could not cover both his face and his stomach and finally the actor sank his fist into the solar plexus. That time the waiter went down and stayed down, his face pounded to a pulp by a man who hadn't a mark on him. The actors crowded around with congratulations and Tinney and with great glee.

"All's well that ends well."

The whole world has read of Frank Tinney's practical jokes which often were more ghastly than funny, especially to their victims. But only stage folk realize that practical joking on the stage in full view of the audience is an incurable habit of actors which agonized managers have never been able to stamp out. It seemed to me inexcusable for anyone deliberately to do something on stage which would make another actor "blow up in his lines."

Heaven knows that plays do not enjoy the public favor any too long, even when every actor is delivering the best that is in him. Why, in the name of common sense, should anyone concerned wish to take a chance on marring things?

Before I had been a trouper many months I began to understand why. Nobody tries to make trouble on the opening night because there will probably be plenty without trying. But, after a few weeks, when the show "is all set" and everything running so smoothly that each actor knows exactly every step, gesture and line of every one, the machine-like monotony of the thing breeds a certain temptation that grows almost impossible to resist.

For instance, after the leading woman has accepted the star's proposal of marriage, in the big love scene, a few hundred times, though personally she dislikes him for the concealed ass she knows him to be off-stage in private life (if any actor has any private life), there comes an almost uncontrollable desire to turn him down just once and see what he would do about it. I am told that an actress whose initials are K. L. once perpetrated the atrocity on a star, whose initials are H. W., in the last act of a play at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Her role was that of a Spanish princess and after the proposal by the American hero, a part played, by the way, by an English actor, her lines were

"You darling! I love you—I have always loved you."

That was his cue to rise from his knees in the romantic firelight and take the actress in his arms. On this dreadful occasion she said instead

"You fat-head! I hate you—I have always hated you."

I can readily believe the report that the expression of mental anguish on the star's face at those unexpected and truthful words was marvelous to behold. It was genuine. No rejected lover in real life could have possibly felt worse and suffered more. There he was, a well-known Broadway star, with every eye in the audience upon him and not the slightest idea of what to say or do. He was almost beyond human aid. Only one person in the world could save him and she did it by saying.

"I was only testing you. I love—I have always loved you."

The tortured wretch was saved and his expression of relief was another masterpiece. They tell me that the love scene never was so applauded before or after as it was that night. When the last curtain fell on that performance there was a lively scene of another sort which was not in the script, either, and there came very near being another leading woman.

The American likes his football and baseball in season, but his all-year-around major sport is crime, especially murder. It is a case of go it, policeman—go it, murderer. But if it is a long chase and an ingenious defense at the trial, the public hates to see the hounds kill the fox and usually sets that free to do it again.

This was pointed out to me by a disgusted New York police detective when I, too, became soft-hearted or rather soft-headed and wished to be, p free a man who had robbed me. It happened during one of my intervals of prosperity while I was at the Winter Garden. After an evening performance, another girl and I went to a Broadway cabaret and it so happened that the pianist was introduced to me.

Apart from the fact that he was an extremely attractive youngster, of excellent address and manners, I was very much interested in him through the common bond of music. I have been told that I play the piano extremely well, and, indeed, it was once suggested that I make that my profession instead of the stage.

I am intensely fond of music, and any talented performer on an instrument attracts me greatly. Before we left the cabaret, therefore, I had given the pianist an invitation to come up to the flat, which I shared with another girl, at any time he cared. He did so the following day, and for an hour or two on end he improvised and played from memory on the piano in our rooms. With the foundation stone of a friendship, and a devotion to music that was built up what I regarded as a sound and lasting friendship, little imagining what a shocking disillusionment lay ahead for me.

He told me that he was in New York on indefinite sick leave from the navy, and as he found his health pay quite inadequate for living in New York, he had taken up this pianoforte work to add to his income. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and, I must say, I came to look forward to his visits to our flat.

One evening he had been sitting at the keyboard of my piano deeply engaged in the composition of a ragtime song with which he hoped to make a hit, and he became so engrossed in his work that when it came to the time that my girl friend and I had to go off to the theatre I felt it a pity to have to turn him out and possibly break the thread of his composition. I told him, therefore, he could stay if he wished to do so, and that when he was due to go off to the cabaret he could simply shut the door of the flat behind him.

The next time I saw him was late the following afternoon, through the bars of a prison cell!

Shortly after lunch time that day a man called at the flat and announced that he was a detective. He dived into his pocket and pulled out a diamond and ruby ring, a gold cigarette case, and he asked me if I recognized them. To my utter amazement, I did, as the first named articles belonged to me and the cigarette case to my friend who lived with me.

"Where on earth did you get those?" I exclaimed. "I had them lying about in drawers here, and I have not missed them yet." My girl friend made practically the same remark about her gold cigarette case.

"These were in the pockets of a young guy we pinched for a hotel robbery this morning. He has owned up to everything, and he gave me this address for these goods," answered the detective.

I was staggered. I had shown every kindness possible to the young pianist; I had made him welcome in my flat and had promised to speak to Mr. Jake Shubert about him with a view to an interview. And now to find that he had in return robbed me and my friend. I asked the detective if I might go along with him to the police station, and he agreed. There I was ushered into a passage with tall iron bars, like those of a lion's cage, along either side, and in one of the cells I saw, sitting on a stool, my musical friend. He looked up, saw me, and went white and scarlet. Then he turned his head away.

"Arthur," I said, "what on earth is it all about? Why have you done this? If you were so hard up you could surely have told me, and I might have been able to help you a little. But to go and rob me, of all people!"

He did not answer for some time. Then he said in a choking voice: "I'm dreadfully sorry, Monty. I was hard pressed, and when you left me alone I was tempted suddenly."

Immediately all my thoughts of anger left me, and I felt nothing but pity. I turned to the detective who was beside me and said:

"I suppose if I can put up the money I can bail him out?" I could not bear the thought of this youth, with whom I had passed many hours in discussion of art and in intellectual conversation, sitting there like a caged animal, even if he had made me the victim. But the detective's next remark put a different complexion on things.

"Don't you waste no pity on him, miss," he said. "Even if you were as silly as to put up bail for him we wouldn't let him out, for, apart from the hotel affair, which is a matter of several thousand dollars, he has nine previous convictions."

Then he told me how discouraging it was to be a policeman. The public rails at the police if they don't catch the criminal, and yet the moment they do everyone is sorry for the culprit and cheers the jury for setting him at liberty again.

So I left this young man, young though he had been convicted so many times, to his fate, which was a sentence of five years in Sing Sing. The detective, however, explained that this did not mean much over the New York system, he would get about half of it off for good behavior, time spent in jail awaiting trial and other allowances. He was a discouraged detective and said he had a mind sometimes to turn crook himself and know that the public was with him instead of against him as now. He stated that there are more homicides in the city of Chicago than in all England, but fewer of them punished.

This episode occurred while my affairs were prosperous, but soon came unemployment, bad luck and work. Between rounds of the theatrical offices I sat for a painting, representing Helen of Troy, in the nude. It was done for the young artist sold it and celebrated by taking me to a very nice dinner. After I had been expensively wined and dined he took me to a poor broke the news to me that there was a little string attached to the sale of the picture.

"The old goof," he said, "is a Mr. W——, and he is crazy about the original of the picture, so much so that he made it a condition that he must meet my model. He is rich as Cressus and old enough to be your grandfather. You could easily gold-dig him for a limousine and a place on Long Island."

When I declined this prospect he persuaded me to at least meet "the old cuss." As soon as I had shaken his hand I would be free to walk away, if necessary, and he would have fulfilled his end of the bargain and could cash his check. So I consented.

My artist friend went with me and I had made the stipulation that I was to be introduced as Helen Cecil, actress merely, with never a whisper of my real name. Mr. W—— was waiting for us, and I found him to be a man of about 60, silver haired and with fresh, reddish complexion, a typical New York wealthy business man.

He beamed on me and said how "surely glad he was to know me. Would I come and have lunch with him?" Now, in my capacity as an actress, I could not think of any reason for refusing his invitation, and so he took me to the Waldorf, where he regaled me with a magnificent lunch. Events of this kind move swiftly in the States, and by the time we were having coffee he told me that he was a widower and all about his position, financial and domestic. I found he had two daughters, both older than I, but after he had lit a huge cigar he leaned across to me and said:

"Say, Miss Cecil, I'd sure like to take the original of that picture to my home as well as the portrait. I'm asking you to marry me, young woman."

I gasped. "But you've only known me about five minutes. I might be a dreadful creature for all you know. It's all wrong. No, I'm not thinking of marrying, in any case. But I thank you for the great compliment."

He was evidently accustomed to getting his own way, and he argued and protested that he was willing to take me on my face value. He did not care if I had been a scullery wench, etc.

At last I temporized by promising to think over it, and I got back to the Dai feeling rather dazed by the whirlwind wooing. It was not entirely on account of Mr. W——'s age that I turned down the idea. My husband, Mr. Clark Kennedy, was old enough to be my father when I married him. But my mood and my circumstances were different, and most women know how much difference that makes to the view a woman takes of a proposal of marriage.

At any rate, I felt immensely flattered, but I had to turn down Mr. W—— regularly about once a week until at last he saw it was hopeless.

At length I went on tour with "Made in America," but my salary was low and wherever we went the wolf was always at my door. In Toronto the Canadian army officers gave my roommate and me such good lunch that we forgot all about that wolf until it came time to move on the centre. The stage director had called for a volunteer to take the furthest out and most disagreeable of all. I had been informed by veterans of the war that only heroes and fools volunteer, and I guess there is no doubt which I was when I asked for that place and got it without any competition at all!

My nerves and stomach were strong and all was well until one night something went wrong and the infernal thing refused to stop but went on and on. We grew sick, dizzy and weak. I, on the outside, got it worse than any and yet we all had to act there with our sweetest smiles to the bitter end, just as if we loved it. No doubt all next day, on that hungry trip to Pittsburgh, I thought of nothing but food, particularly of the delicious fare we had eaten more. I remembered a time when the great Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree took several of the girls of his company, including myself, to dinner at a vegetarian restaurant in London. We thought the food simply dreadful, but rather than offend the eccentric genius we praised it to the skies.

"Huh!" said Sir Herbert, scowling, "don't think much of you girls' taste. Be-critticest meal I ever touched. Ever-ybar-ee-d Shaw advised me to try this re-rabbit's food, but never-er again I don't think Shaw ever means anything he says."

We lived until Pittsburgh was reached and then moved into a nice hotel and were soon eating a monster meal—on credit. Such are the ups and downs of life on the stage.

In the show I was with at that time there was a scene in which the feature consisted of a huge tower which we girls draped ourselves upon All we had to do was hang on and look happy. But this was a lot to ask of us, for a powerful electric motor revolved that tower at a high rate of speed. It was so powerful that they had to put in "dimmers," as resistance boxes are called on the stage, to keep that tower from revolving so fast that it would fling us like bits of mud from a wheel into the audience.

It was not a pleasant ordeal and at rehearsal they learned by experiment just how long we could be again before any of us would become actively seasick. Some positions were worse than others, according to how far out they were from the centre. The stage director had called for a volunteer to take the furthest out and most disagreeable of all. I had been informed by veterans of the war that only heroes and fools volunteer, and I guess there is no doubt which I was when I asked for that place and got it without any competition at all!

My nerves and stomach were strong and all was well until one night something went wrong and the infernal thing refused to stop but went on and on. We grew sick, dizzy and weak. I, on the outside, got it worse than any and yet we all had to act there with our sweetest smiles to the bitter end, just as if we loved it. No doubt if a chorus girl was murdered on the stage, she would carry that gay smile to the grave.

We could hear muffled commands and running about behind the scenes. Men were in a panic, tripping over cables, knocking over lamps and pulling the wrong plugs. Various lights went out on the stage as the men ran to the wrong "plug-in boxes," and soon house and stage were a most in darkness, but still we whirled on.

The curtain rustled down to protect the audience from any of us human missiles that might be shot in their direction and through it came a roar of applause. But we did not hear it, for in our ears was the roaring that comes before a faint. A deadly nausea crept over me. I knew that in another moment I would lose consciousness. I gritted my teeth and clenched my fingers in a death grip as things became blacker and blacker. I heard a girl gasp

"Help! I can't hold any longer."

Then came the stage manager's voice, apparently from a great distance, saying: "Give me the fire axe."

That was the last I remember. In the dark, he chopped blindly into the mechanism of the tank and finally stopped it. I had fainted, but my hands still clutched and they had to pry my unconscious fingers loose before I could be carried to my dressing room.

At another time I was rolled about the stage on the inside of a glass bubble until I was giddier even then a chorus girl is supposed to be. When people inquire why I prefer such hardships and terrors to the serene and comfortable existence of the daughter of a peer, I can only ask in reply: "Why do young men join the French Foreign Legion, with a pay of a cent and a half per day, and nothing guaranteed but hardship and adventure? Some people can't stand a dull life."

For some reason my being shot at, arrested, robbed, almost killed by the whirling tower, etc., do not interest the average woman as much as to know just exactly how the late Mr. Ziegfeld went about deciding that I would do for his "Follies." I suspect that every American woman has secretly dreamed of being picked for that role corps. It is done in the following bashful-like way.

If you were obviously a girl of good face and form and stated that you could dance and sing, it was not difficult to get as far as the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, to which you were led up exactly like a platoon of infantry "rookies" on their first inspection and, like them, you were made to "count fours."

As each four marched to the footlights for Mr. Ziegfeld to appraise it, he whispered to his stage director (who looked like King George) in the seat beside him and that drill sergeant called out the number of anyone in the four who looked to the chief's expert eye as a likely starter and it did not take him long. The others knew that "The Follies" were not for them.

The remaining girls were not at all sure, either, because from them new fours were formed and out of the survivors still others and so the sur-

Continued on Page 20

*"The actress' role was that of a Spanish princess, and after the proposal by the American hero, her lines were:*

*"'You darling!' I love you—I have always loved you.'*

*"That was his cue to rise from his knees and take the actress in his arms. On this dreadful occasion she said instead,*

*"'You fat-head! I hate you—I have always hated you.'*

*"The expression of mental anguish on the star's face was marvelous to behold. It was genuine. No rejected lover in the audience on him, he had not a ghost of an idea of what to say or do. Only one person in the world could save him, and she did it by saying:*

*"'I was only testing you. I love you—I have always loved you.'"*

# Blind-Man's-Buff

## By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

NATHAN CONROY owns an island where he and his family spend their summers. Five years before his death he retires there and remains the year round with the former manager of his plantation, Ralph Henry Harker. At Nathan's death in 1920 he is buried in an ornate tomb on a rise of ground behind the house.

He leaves a will bequeathing his property to his sister Hagar (dead) and Hagar's daughter Judith (Aunt Judith Conroy); and his five grandchildren. Dr. Mark Drake, a resident physician at beautiful Salty Cabins, Bertie (Cousin Bertie) Lucia Conroy, a promising young novelist, and her dissolute husband, Christopher Lee. The will governs Nathan's wish remaining now, Hugh, his adopted grandson. Douglas, an athletic, bullish type of young man engaged to Lucia, his stepgrandson. Tony, stepbrother of Bertie and Mark. Various young wife, Cabins.

The will stipulates that the legatees spend the month between September 15th and October 15th out of every year on the island Harker is to remain on the island during provided he stays for ten years after Nathan's death. In the case of the death of all the legatees the money is to be divided between Harker and Mrs. Prill, the island's housekeeper.

In the Summer of 1929 Nathan dies on the island from an overdose of liberal hydrate taken in a glass of tea-rum. The bottle which contained the drug disappears. Every member of the Conroy family with the exception of Lucia is present at Nathan's funeral on the island and the tea-party.

Nathan's death is believed valid until the following June 15th. On the night of the 15th a storm rages about Conroy Island, and Lucia, disturbed and unable to sleep, goes to the window to watch the storm. Suddenly she sees a flash of lightning reveal a figure in white standing on the lawn. Terrified, she shouts that she has seen a ghost. Everyone dismisses the story as nonsense, but Lucia insists that she has seen Nathan Conroy's ghost.

Another event occurs that night. Bertie, an evil genius, disappears. Mark finds a note addressed to Bertie, which reads: "Murder in the Conroy Tomb. Chapter Two. It carries the story up to the present moment, then says that in spite of everything that can be done, one of the family will be found on the steps of the tomb in the act of committing murder."

Terrified, the others decide that one of them must be a murderer. They begin hunting for clues and abandon the idea that they had seen the ghost. Mark finds a bottle of chloroform in Bertie's room, and Lucia finds a bloody knife. Both are hidden. Mark finds a bottle of chloroform in Bertie's room, and Lucia finds a bloody knife. Both are hidden.

"Yes, Doug was lying at one side, near the foot of the steps. And—" Aunt Hagar's Voice Rose in Shrill Excitement— "I saw something bending over him."

Mark gets into a discussion of detective stories which leads to a prize contest for the one writing the best mystery yarn. In the evening a terrific equinoctial storm breaks, making it impossible for anyone to cross the river for several days. In searching for Truffles, the dog, it is established that no stranger is on the island.

The following evening the stories are completed and turned in to Jimmy Lane who reads nine. A game of blind-man's-buff starts on the darkened lower floors and at the moment the stories are read. At 10 o'clock is discovered that a tenth story has been added privately during the course of the game.

The last manuscript, entitled "Murder in the Conroy Chapel," being the hand and the Conroy family is busily engaged through the happenings of the day before, the game of blind man's buff, the reading of the stories and its climax, the discovery of Bertie's dead body in the abandoned room.

Bertie is found expertly and described his wrists and ankles bound and his throat cut from ear to ear.

The corpse are all questioned by Lane. Dr. Drake has performed a quick autopsy of the victim's throat, which was cut by a knife which was stolen by Bertie as a joke, and that a chloroform are being everything for fear of some horror overhanging them.

The next day another manuscript appears headed: "Murder in the Conroy Tomb. Chapter Two." It carries the story up to the present moment, then says that in spite of everything that can be done, one of the family will be found on the steps of the tomb in the act of committing murder.

All of us had, by now, donned dry clothing. A motley crew we were, dressed in anything and everything from knickers to bathrobes. Huddled around the hearth of the upper hall, we were like survivors around a campfire on a lonely beach.

The doctor came out of Doug's room and called Mrs. Prill to take his place. "He's still unconscious," he informed us. "In addition to the blood he lo...from that cut, he's been struck upon the back of the head."

"Any fracture?" Jimmy asked quickly.

"No; apparently there's just a very slight concussion. I've put on cold compresses and taken some stitches in the cut. He played into luck there," he added; "the knife plowed across the brow and down the cheek but was deflected by the bone above the eye. He missed blindness by a miracle."

"What sort of a knife would you say had been used?"

Mark looked puzzled. "That's what I can't make out. Whatever it was, must have been as sharp as a razor. The wound is as clean as though it had been cut by a surgical instrument."

"Perhaps it was," Jimmy suggested. "How about this?" He produced the object he had carried down the hill and held it out, still in the handkerchief, for Mark's inspection. It was an oddly shaped knife of the finest steel.

"My heaven!" For the first time the doctor betrayed real emotion. "That's my scalpel from my bag."

"I thought so. How does it happen you didn't turn it over to me this morning?"

"I'd forgotten it," Mark said, with an appearance of frankness. "When I looked through my bag tonight, my mind was entirely on drugs. I haven't had occasion to use this for months." He glanced up curiously. "Where did you find it?"

"At the foot of the steps, near Lee's body. Do you think it was used to kill him?"

"It's quite possible," Mark said thoughtfully. "The blade is small, but I think his throat was cut while he was unconscious."

"Unconscious?"

"Yes. When I looked at the body I found a bruise at the base of the skull. I thought, at the time, it was the point where his head hit the steps when he fell. But after examining Doug, I believe Lee was struck down before his throat was cut."

"Which explains why he made no outcry, I suppose," Jimmy mused, then sighed. "Oh, well, we may learn more when Doug comes to himself. In the meantime," he was carefully wrapping the scalpel in his handkerchief again, "I'll keep this for the police. They'll want to examine it for finger-prints."

"They'll find mine, of course," Mark pointed out.

"Not if you haven't handled it for months."

"I didn't say that. I said I hadn't used it for months. It's quite possible in going through my bag I've handled it unconsciously."

"Quite possible," Jimmy agreed in a colorless voice, and, as Mark glanced at him sharply: "Do you know when it could have been taken?"

"It might have been taken any time tonight. After going through the bag for drugs, I left it on the table, here in this hall." He gave a sudden, startled exclamation of surprise. "That's odd." And, as Jimmy swung about: "Here's my flask." He held up a leather-covered bottle. "It was full of whiskey this afternoon. I always keep it filled, in case of snake-bite. Now it's a third empty."

"Was that in the bag, too?"

"Yes; it was there this evening when we removed the drugs."

For a time Jimmy stared at the flask as though musing on its part in the scheme of things, then he swung back to the group by the fire. "If we are ever going to get this straight, all of us had better tell what we know. Suppose you begin, Aunt Hagar, and give us your story."

### CHAPTER XIX.

**What Aunt Hagar Saw.**

THE old lady looked grimly pleased at the preference.

She was seated in a huge wing-chair by the fire. The play of light gave her an odd appearance, alternately sprightly and sinister. None of the fear and sorrow which racked the rest of the family seemed to have touched her. She accepted Lee's murder as she had accepted the murder of Berte, with a monstrous relish, as though it were a screen play which was being unrolled for her amusement. Her first words were delivered in a tone of heartless satisfaction:

"This is really getting exciting." And, at Lucia's horrified protest. "There's no use your shushing me, Lucia Conroy. Lee was nothing but a sot and a wastrel, as bad with women as 'Berto You ought to thank your stars he died before he had a chance to disgrace us all."

"Please," Jimmy broke in, "don't keep us waiting. We're all anxious to know what it was you saw that made you scream and faint."

His artful picturing of the group as an eager audience turned Aunt Hagar to the saga of her evening, which started with a detailed description of her going to bed.

"After Judith brought my thermos of hot milk and my glasses, and a book for me to read in case I didn't sleep, she went to her room. Then I found she'd forgotten to lay out my bathrobe and my slippers, so I called her back again and made her do it." She seemed to feel this showed a commendable strength of character on her part, and repeated firmly: "I made her do it. But then, after all, I went to sleep and didn't wake up till five minutes of two. I knew it was that time because I looked at the clock. Besides, I always wake at two and have a cup of hot milk. I was starting to pour it out when I remembered that Doug had said he was going to sit up all night and watch over Lee. I thought a cup of something hot would be just what he needed, so I put on my bathrobe and slippers and went down the hall."

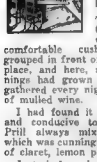
"Was Truffles with you?"

"No. I left him asleep under my bed. I went down the hall to Doug's room, but the door was closed."

*(Continued on Page 21)*

### CHAPTER XVIII.

**Lee Disappears.**



MULLED wine was an old Conroy custom. Before going to bed the family assembled in the square hall on the second floor at the head of the stairs. Here there were chairs and a comfortable cushioned divan grouped in front of an open fireplace, and here, since the evenings had grown chill, we had gathered every night for a glass of mulled wine.

I had found it very pleasant, and conducive to sleep. Mrs. Prill always mixed the brew, which was cunningly compounded of claret, lemon peel and spices.

Just before bedtime it was brought up from the kitchen and placed in the coals of the upper fireplace to heat. As it began to steam, sending out a tantalizing odor of cinnamon and cloves, the different members of the Conroy clan appeared, in pajamas and bathrobes, to sit cozily around the hearth, sipping and chatting. This had been our nightly routine, and now, in the face of disaster, we clung to it all the more firmly because it seemed to give us a little hold on the realities of life.

It was Tony who brought the kettle up from the kitchen that night, and Judith who added the sugar. Doug watched over the boiling and Mark passed the trays. All of us accepted cups, except Aunt Hagar, who was allowed only a little port at dinner by her doctor, and Lee, whose habit it was to scorn the brew as "hot lemonade," and sulk because he was permitted nothing stronger.

Before going to bed Jimmy inspected our room, locking the two windows which opened on to the verandah roof, and bolting the shutters. We left only one, a side window, open. In view of what happened later, I shall state that this window not only looked out on a drop of twenty feet but was covered with a heavy screen There was no key in the door. In fact, there were only three keys on the whole of the upper floor: one for Judith's room, one for Mark's, and one for Aunt Hagar's. All the locks were the same, we found; and as Connie and Aunt Hagar felt safer with locked doors, we took Judith's key.

After Jimmy had gone back to his room, I locked our door upon the inside and placed the revolver on a table close by the head of my bed.

These preparations seemed to cheer Lee, who had recovered some measure of self-control. Doug had talked to him, as he himself described it, "like a Dutch uncle," promising to watch in his room, across the hall, for the rest of the night, and pointing out the absurdity of Lee's supposing that anyone could get to him and force him to go up on the hill. Lee would not have listened, I think, to any other member of the family, but Doug's very lack of humor and imagination, his sturdy dependability, were subtly comforting. It was not until we climbed into our beds and the lights were out that his borrowed courage began to fail.

There was a period of perhaps five minutes during which we lay listening to the dismal drum of rain upon the roof, the faint rustling hiss of water running down to the river—and the darkness seemed slowly to become full of an evil menace.

Lee asked in a low tone: "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Of course not," I snapped.

He tried to laugh. "Oh, I'm not serious. It's just that Malinda used to tell us when we were kids, about a spook that hung around graveyards and tombs. Its arms were two yards long. It didn't have any head. And when it called, you HAD to follow."

That was not a thought for him to fall asleep on, and I told him so sharply.

"I suppose you want me to think about Santa Claus," he said with bitter humor.

Those were the last words I was ever to hear from Lee Conroy.

Five hours later, at two o'clock, I awoke, with the sound of a shot and a scream ringing in my ears, to discover the bed across the room was empty. Lee was gone.

Upon first waking I snapped on the bedside light, but it took a little time for my dulled brain to realize that Lee was not there. Heavy with sleep, I stumbled across the room to the door. It was still locked and the key was missing.

By that time my mind began to clear and I caught various sounds in the hall outside. Truffles was barking. There was a muffled pounding and Jimmy's voice urging someone to unlock his door. I could hear footsteps in the hall and Mark's deep voice calling, "What's the matter?" Again the sounds were blotted out by Truffles' sharp bark.

I abandoned my search for the key and ran to one of the front windows; as I threw it open I noticed, half unconsciously, that it was locked on the inside, exactly as I had left it, and that the bolt was still shot across the shutter. The verandah roof was wet and slippery, but I managed to drag myself along until I reached the window into the upper hall. It was then that my life was actually endangered, for when I pounded upon the glass Jimmy Lane approached with a pistol. Fortunately he recognized me, threw up the window, and I climbed inside.

All of this took time to write. Actually it covered less than four minutes.

The square upper hall was a scene of violent confusion. Jimmy Lane was there with Mark, Lucia and Mrs. Prill; Judith arrived a moment later, staggering with sleepiness. As a matter of fact, all of us were like patients coming out from under ether, dizzy and stupid.

Almost immediately, Jimmy demanded: "Where's Lee?"

"He's gone," I stammered.

There was a cry of horror from Lucia: "Gone?"

And simultaneously: "Where's Aunt Hagar?" Judith cried. "She isn't in her room."

"And Tony?"

"Call Doug," Jimmy ordered.

It was then we realized that Doug's door was closed and that Truffles was barking and scratching upon the panels in an attempt to enter.

We hurried across the hall and threw open the door. Inside the lights were blazing, the French window wide open, disclosing the rain-swept gallery beyond. In the midst of a shining pool upon the gallery floor a figure in a plum-colored dressing gown was sprawled grotesquely. It was Aunt Hagar Conroy.

Mark was the first to reach her. "It's only a faint," he announced, relieved, and she stirred, opened her eyes and struggled to speak.

"Hill," she managed to croak. "Tomb."

Almost at the same moment Tony called sharply from above: "Mark! Phil! Come here!"

We raced down the slippery steps which led from the gallery to the ground and up the muddy path toward the tomb. On the hill we found Tony bending over the body of Lee Conroy, which was lying upon the steps, face downward, arms extended; there was no movement except a stream of blood which dripped slowly from level to level of the glistening white marble and disappeared in the sodden grass below.

I think the shock sent all of us a little mad. In my own case everything went black for a moment, then blazed with a sudden, almost unbearable brightness. There was a roaring in my ears, but through it I heard Tony's voice repeating over and over: "He was like that when I found him. Just like that." And my own, asking, stupidly: "Why did he come up here? Why?"

Only Jimmy Lane kept his head. "Find Harker," he ordered, and I was starting down the steps toward the hill when I discovered Doug.

He was dressed in pajamas and dressing gown. The shadows cast by the shrubbery across the steps of the tomb, had prevented us from seeing him sooner. There was a pistol lying close beside the relaxed fingers of his right hand. He was bleeding profusely from an ugly gash across his forehead and down one cheek. Although he was unconscious, he was still breathing.

While Tony and the doctor carried the inert Doug down to the house and Jimmy examined Lee's body, I routed out Henry Harker

He had, apparently, slept through all the hullabaloo, for I was forced to go in and shake him awake. With his assistance we carried Lee's body into the tomb and laid it upon the improvised bier beside that of Berte Prill.

We did not linger in the crypt, but I still have an indelible picture in my mind of the square, white-pillared room with the two sheeted figures, and, beyond, the bronze door that marked the resting place of Nathan Conroy.

On our return to the house I noticed that Jimmy was carefully carrying some object wrapped in his handkerchief, but as he offered no explanation, I asked for none.

We found Aunt Hagar entirely recovered. She had changed her plum-colored garment for a black silk robe, in which she looked, more than ever, like that sinister female, Lady Macbeth

Mrs. Prill, with her usual imperturbability, was building the fire, while Tony comforted Lucia, whose distress was scarcely deeper than Jimmy Lane's.

Jimmy had never really liked Lee, but now he blamed himself with intense bitterness for the boy's death. "We should have watched more carefully," he mourned. "But who could dream he'd go up to the tomb, after that warning?"

"Nobody," I snapped, trying to hide from myself the sick horror that overcame me when I remembered Lee's words. A sort of spook—when it calls, you have to follow. Nonsense, of course. The superstition of Negroes and of children. And yet...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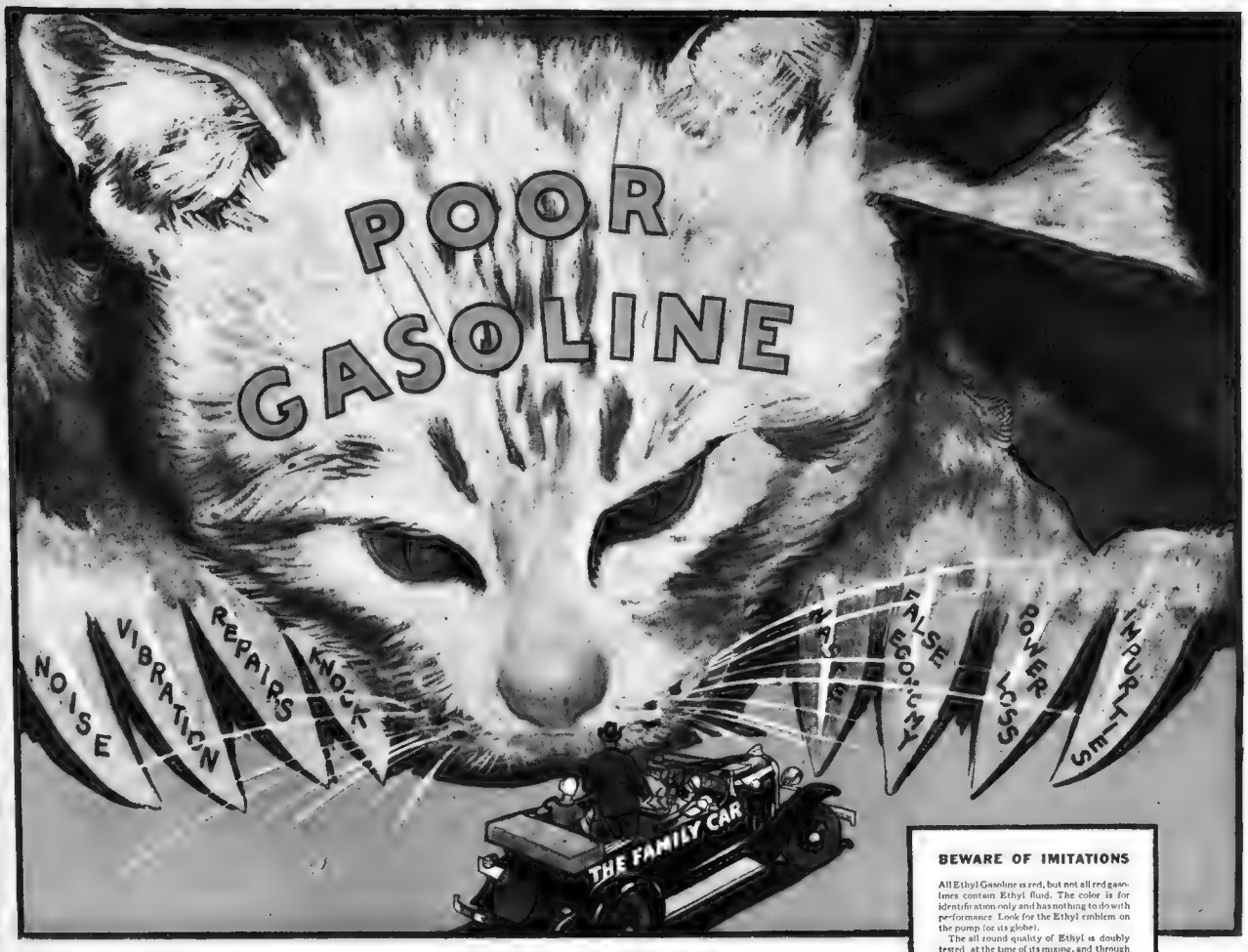


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# BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

RUTH TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company, the bank which is the pride of old Mark Starr, wealthy banker and benefactor of Middle Ann Trent, Roger's wife, is very ambitious for her husband and their daughter Babs. Ann feels that Roger, thrifty and still merely a teller, will eventually occupy a high place due to his extremely winning personality. A change comes when Mark Starr dies and his nephew, David, comes into control of the bank. Old employees are discharged but Ann insists Roger wear his best suit and smile. His personality attracts David Starr, who promotes him to assistant cashier.

If feeds David's conceit and craving for power to feel himself responsible for Roger Trent's rise. Also the banker thinks Roger may be useful to him in watching his cousin, Jerrie Starr, who has a quarter interest in the Starr fortune.

Roger's first confidential job is to placate Tiffany Darrel. Dave Starr's blonde, when it is necessary that the banker attend one of his wife's social functions. Tiffany's beauty and cleverness make a great impression on Roger

## CHAPTER IV (Continued).

**Tiffany Darrel.**

NASTY business — Roger Trent thought —bringing disappointment to that perfect face.

Something snapped across his brain like the pop of a whip and he lost his bearings. He wanted to gather himself up and run from the place. Tiffany was smiling at him again, an inscrutable smile, and his eyes concentrated on the cleft in her chin. The end of his little finger would fit comfortably in it.

"I'm sorry—" he said flatly, then stopped.

"Why?" She came toward him. Slowly. Still smiling. And he watched the sway of her hips, fascinated.

His ridiculous desire to postpone the bad news left him floundering for words.

"You're—you're just about the most beautiful thing I ever saw," he stammered.

"You're the new assistant cashier, aren't you?" she queried, stopping in front of him. Roger thought irrelevantly that he had been right about her height.

"Yes."

"Don't ever let Dave Starr hear you say that."

"Say what?" he asked in a maze of emotions.

She extracted a cigarette thoughtfully from a box on the table at her side. "That I am the most beautiful thing you ever saw."

Roger came to with a bump. That was right. He was making an ass of himself. This was David Starr's woman. "I'm sorry, awfully sorry. I forgot myself for a moment." He held his lighter for her and added humorously, "I'm human, you know."

"You're forgiven," she said softly, tilting her head to blow a long stream of smoke into the air. She watched it drift and thin away before she spoke again. "I happen to like you on first sight. It is merely a friendly act to warn you against indiscreet remarks."

Roger felt foolish and out of place. "It is good of you," he said awkwardly.

"Dave has told me of you," she said, and Roger marveled at the trained lovely quality of her voice, "has told me of the things he intends to do for you." She laid an arresting hand on his arm, and though there was coquettishness in the tilt of her head her tone was grave as she finished, "It will pay you, Mr. Roger Trent, to obey Dave Starr's instructions to the letter."

"Why are you telling me this?" he asked, moved by her interest —and her proximity.

"Because " her voice became a hit—"I had a moment to study you off guard when you came in. I saw that you were very, very new at the game; I don't want you to stub your toe and lose the race before you've had a fair start. I had to tell you immediately," she explained, "because Dave may be here any minute—unless—" Something seemed to strike her unawares—and she stared at Roger

"It's wonderful of you," he began, vibrating to her will like the strings of a finely tuned harp to expert fingers. He faltered at the expression on her face. "You won't think so well of me when you know why I'm here." He extended the package.

She looked fixedly at it, crushing her cigarette against the table. Color rose in her face and something dangerous sparked from her eyes. "I know," she said in a voice strangely colorless. "Dave has been suddenly called out of the city on important business."

"But—but he really has—" Roger stuttered, reddening. "The bank examiner—"

"Of course he has," she said soothingly. "Put the package down anywhere and be seated."

Roger chose the divan nearest at hand and Tiffany Darrel sat down beside him, regarding him through grave — unbelievably transparent—eyes.

Ann Followed Roger's Eyes and Saw Dave Starr With a Woman Whom She Took to Be His Wife.

"So it is the bank examiner?" she asked in a low voice. "You're sure his wife hasn't cornered him so that he can't get away?"

Roger flushed, painfully aware of the lie he was about to give this girl.

"Oh, no, he has really been called into conference."

"You are an infant," she said gently. "A blessed lying infant. You'll have to do better than that if you are going to come up to Dave Starr's expectations."

Roger fidgeted uncomfortably. If the woman wasn't so distractingly beautiful. "You make me feel that I ought to go out and have a good cry," he said sarcastically.

"That's better," she said coolly. "The child shows spirit! But it is I who should cry. We were driving to Cleveland to the ball I've looked forward to it for weeks—things have been so dull of late—" Then, as if to emphasize her disappointment, "I even put the costume on so that he could see it before I dressed for the drive."

"That is tough," Roger said sincerely. "I really am sorry."

She smiled winningly and seemed to come suddenly from under her cloud of disappointment. "It is no worse than I should expect. The ball and chain is bound to pull a tighter rein—now that he walks in glory." She offered the last a little ruefully.

"It is sporting of you to take it like this," Roger said, his heart warming to her.

"Do you think so? Shall I tell you how I shall behave tomorrow night?"

"I'd like to hear," he admitted, pleased

"If his name appears in the paper I shall storm, make a terrible scene, then let him convince me that he reached the city just in time to bid the guests good-by, or pick up his wife at her request, as the case may be. If there is no public mention, I've swallowed your story, hook line and sinker. Now," she smiled amiably, "go ahead with the story."

Roger stared, then relaxed and laughed until his sides ached There was something excruciatingly funny about the whole little drama for a moment; about Starr, the powerful Starr being only a puppet in it; about himself—an awkward blundering goat sent to trap a panther. He had expected to find a woman—common, even of small intelligence, docile and submissive to Dave Starr's will—surely not one daring enough to expose him to ridicule

"Good heaven!" he said, controlling his outburst. "If he knew that I didn't put it over, it would probably cost me my job."

"And if he knew what I've told you," she said whimsically, getting tenderly at this very boyish man with lightning blue eyes and midnight hair, "it would probably cost me, mine"

"You needn't worry about that," Roger hastened to assure her and gave her the story.

When he had concluded, she said, "Now that we are in each other's power—and we are, you know—let's drink to it."

"Why do you say we are in each other's power?" asked Roger, mystified.

"We've found each other out. We are always at the mercy of those who find us out as well as of those through whom we climb."

"You are an unusual girl," Roger said, after a quick resume of all that had passed in this room in a few short minutes.

"I am," she announced. "I love Dave Starr, yet I am content with what little I have of him; nevertheless, I am climbing—while the season is at its best."

Roger longed to ask where she was climbing, but he dared not; as free as she seemed with him, something warned him that he was not to be the aggressor, merely the acceptor.

"I let the maid go early, can you mix?"

"If your choice is not too complicated," Roger answered, following her to a wall cabinet in another room.

"It is raw out tonight, perhaps a whiskey and soda for you?" she suggested, and indicated a light liqueur for herself.

He mixed his drink and poured hers.

"Will you have a dull evening?" he asked.

"Not any more than I've become used to," she answered and he detected a note of weariness in her admission.

"To your career," she said, raising her glass. Over the top of it, her long blue eyes smiled friendlily into his. A swell of emotion rose in his veins.

"To whatever it is you want most," he said, touching his glass to hers. After they had drunk, he stood looking hard at the empty glass, then abruptly crashed it to the floor.

"Why did you do that?" she asked in surprise.

"If I ever meant anything," he declared fervently. "I meant that."

Tiffany Darrel shot a quick searching glance at him, then walked swiftly away.

"You're kind, Roger Trent," she said when he followed her with hesitating steps. "Few people are interested in my desires."

Roger was overcome by a sweeping sympathy for her, his head buzzed and he struggled to keep from making an ass of himself again. He went into the vestibule and put on his coat. Tiffany came to the door and shook hands, and he went out—his head whirling with new sensations. He spun the car recklessly around the drive and shot out the entrance like an expelled rocket. The lighted street lamps brought him up short. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes after seven. "Whew;" he whistled. "If Dave Starr knew that! Boy, you're a fool!"

He settled down to a sane pace and gave himself up to contemplation of dazzling Tiffany Darrel. David Starr's blonde! How many times he had heard of her! Four years at least she had been the subject of gossiping rumors. An ex-Follies girl, some said. Others, that she was of noble English birth. Still others that she was a simple maid from a Georgia farm. Simple! Roger laughed appreciatively at that—and then thought that it was not so funny after all. That was the keynote of her charm—simplicity combined with rare beauty. But not rustic simplicity, was Roger's brief; simplicity more like that of Oxford Arms itself—elegant, cultivated simplicity.

And he had seen her. Talked to her. Been commissioned by Dave Starr to carry her a delicate piece of news. Was he coming up in the world? In his exuberance, he decided that Tiffany Darrel was nothing less than a queen descended from her throne to share David Starr's common lot.

In the door of his own little home, something so commonplace about it struck him with sickening dreariness. It was dull, shoddy, infested with gloom after the brilliance of No. 21 Oxford Arms. He had a depressed, let down feeling. Ann was bending over the radio. He inspected her short wool dress. Why didn't women realize the beauty and grace of long clinging things?

"Daddy!" Ann saw him and flew to him with a little rush like a chick scurring for its mother's wing in the rain. It warmed his chilled senses. Ann had a way of making a fellow feel that he was somebody. No cautious waiting here for the next move by the lady. He gathered her into his arms, hearkening with pride to the awe in her voice as she exclaimed over his being selected by Starr to carry out "an important order."

"Isn't my man coming up in the world!" she exclaimed, cuddling against him in squirmy little hugs.

Roger grinned pleasantly into her adoring face, squeezing her in response. What the Sam Hill! How'd he get that way about another woman? Must have been the musical comedy dress. Or the drink. A queen! He snorted inaudibly. What a ride she had taken him for! Women of her kind were all alike. What the Sam Hill! He had Ann. Why, in a dress like that Ann would outshine her a dozen times.

"Say!" He held her from him suddenly. "You'd be a swell looking kid in some real duds. Your old man's coming up in the world—take yourself a bill and buy some."

"Have you been drinking, darling?" Ann thrilled happily. Recognizing the odor she had been puzzling about, she took a whiff of his breath. "Roger Trent! You have been drinking!"

"Sh, tell you a secret," he said, thinking fast. "Dave Starr gave it to me."

"Dave Starr! Oh, Roger!" Ann's imagination conjured up all kinds of scenes to encompass this new intimacy. "Oh, Roger!"

(Continued on Page 18)


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**ILLUSION:**
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**EXPLANATION:**
The trick lay in the way an assistant prepared the cannon for the performance. He used the regulation amount of powder and wadding, but placed the greater part of the charge of powder *ahead* of the shot. The cannon ball was propelled only by the small charge *behind* it which was just sufficient to lob the 9 lb. ball over to the strong man.

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IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

CAMELS


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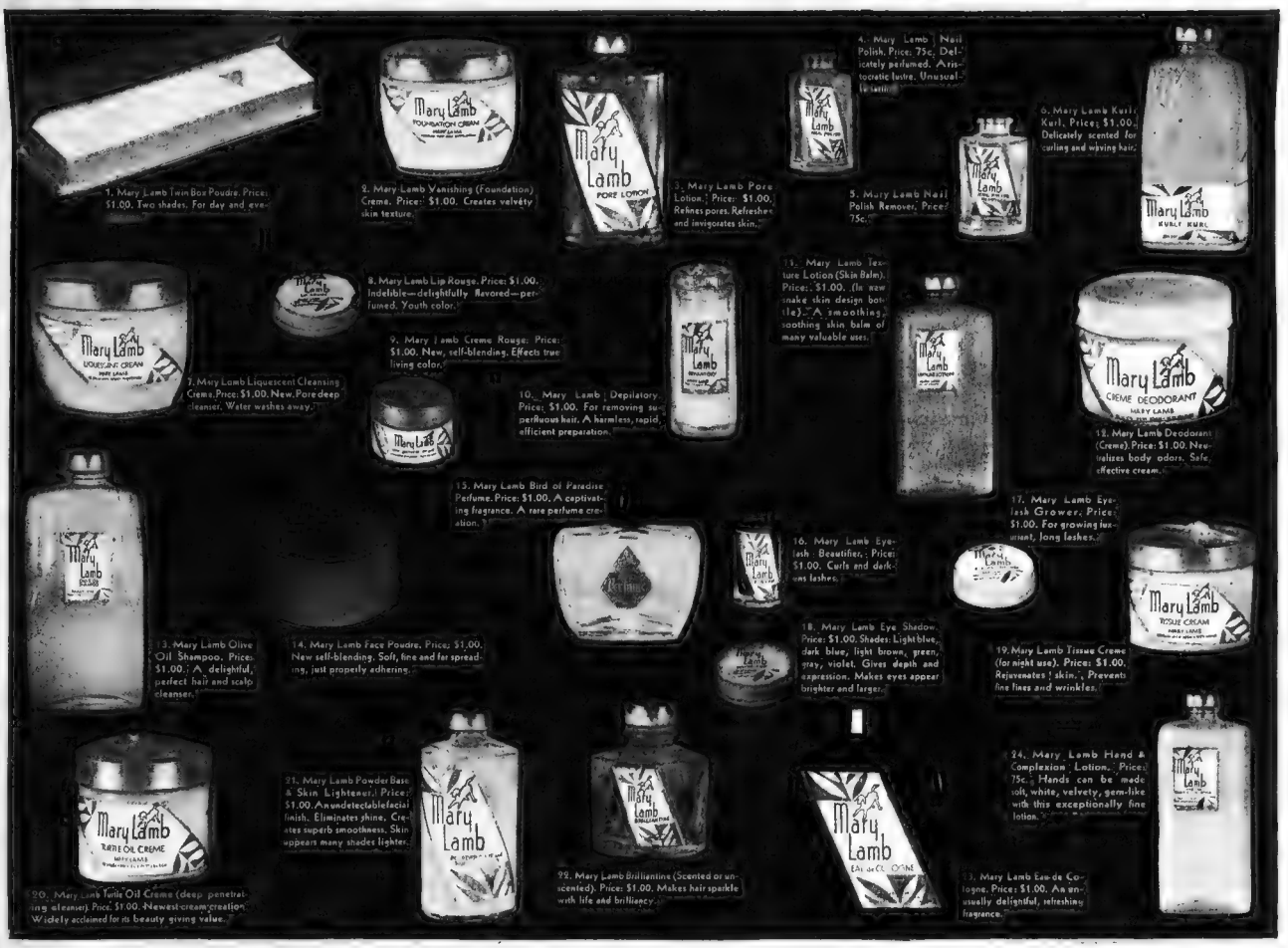
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Perfected by expert chemists to create the new beauty demanded today—these new, modern Mary Lamb beautifiers supply that gorgeous, vivacious beauty which is captivating. With Mary Lamb beautifiers you can make your skin entrancingly vivid, lovely, soft, smooth. You can make your eyes soulful, full of expression—or you can make them dance with the alluring charm of youth. You can make your hair outstandingly lovely. You can make your hands artistically beautiful and gems of refinement. You can groom and beautify your body to your heart's delight—and with such preparations as Mary Lamb Face Powder and Rouge, you can add the glorious high touches that create attractive beauty. Glorify yourself with Mary Lamb Preparations.

**For the treat of your life send this coupon for a trial selection of these exquisite, large, store size Mary Lamb Beauty Preparations at only 12½¢ each.**

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## HOW TO ORDER—SEND NO MONEY

Write the quantity of each preparation you want between the parenthesis in front of each preparation in the coupon. PRINT your name and full address plainly. MAIL it right away.

### COUPON MUST BE MAILED PROMPTLY

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Mary Lamb Cosmetics, AW
801 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send the following preparations which I mark. I will pay postman only 12½¢ each, plus postage. I understand *all are the large, full $1 sizes.*

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ( ) | No. 1 | Mary Lamb Twin Box Face Poudre | ( ) | No. 14 | Mary Lamb Self-blending Face Poudre |
| ( ) | No. 2 | Mary Lamb Vanishing Creme | ( ) | No. 15 | Mary Lamb Bird of Paradise Perfume |
| ( ) | No. 3 | Mary Lamb Pore Lotion | | | |
| ( ) | No. 4 | Mary Lamb Nail Polish | ( ) | No. 16 | Mary Lamb Eyelash Beautifier |
| ( ) | No. 5 | Mary Lamb Nail Polish Remover | ( ) | No. 17 | Mary Lamb Eyelash Grower |
| | | | ( ) | No. 18 | Mary Lamb Eye Shadow (Shade ) |
| ( ) | No. 6 | Mary Lamb Kurl Kurl | ( ) | No. 19 | Mary Lamb Tissue Creme (Night) |
| ( ) | No. 7 | Mary Lamb Liquescent Cleansing Creme | | | |
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| ( ) | No. 12 | Mary Lamb Deodorant | ( ) | No. 23 | Mary Lamb Eau de Cologne |
| ( ) | No. 13 | Mary Lamb Olive Oil Shampoo | ( ) | No. 24 | Mary Lamb Hand and Complexion Lotion |

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Latest complete palmistry folder. Shows how to read palms. Explains all good and bad signs for love, health, wealth, etc. Mailed absolutely free. No cost or obligation. Just send name and address to The Glo-ray Co., Dept. B, Long Island City, New York.

*Your hands tell what you are*

Your nails are the most important part of your hands. Keep them lovely, smart and gleaming. Use the more lasting Glo-ray Liquid Nail Polish which is New York's favorite—and now internationally famous for its perfected shades. And please write for our free gift folder on palmistry.

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LASTING NAIL POLISH

*At all better drug and d-pt. stores and beauty shops*

A Pocket Necessity

A MAN can't afford to be any less careful about his finger-nails than can a woman. His standards of refinement, like hers, are judged by their appearance.

Have a La Cross Nail Clip in your pocket or pocketbook. This convenient little instrument clips off finger-nails quickly, evenly. Made of high-grade steel and guaranteed to satisfy. At drug or department stores—50c

SCHNEPEL BROTHERS, Inc., Newark, N. J.

La Cross NAIL CLIPS

Nail Files, 10c to 15c Cuticle Scissors, 50c to $2.25
Tweezers, 10c to 75c Nail Scissors, $1 to $1.50
Nail Nippers $1 to $3.25

*Prices of this No. 10-50 nail clip, 50¢*

*Hundreds of thousands of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.*


# BIG TIME

## By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

This time she was already on her way to a Starr reception.

"I think I will get some new clothes," she said soberly, unclasping her hands from around him.

"Atta-girl," he boomed, bounding up the stairs.

"We're playing bridge with the Tylers tonight," she called after him.

"Huh?"

She repeated it and Roger descended so that his voice would not carry through the wall. "Say, Ann, better not mention the special favor to Starr, nor the drink. Might make old Tyler feel bad to see me coming along so fast."

"Of course I won't, dear," she said heartily. Ann had no desire to crow over the Tylers. That was no triumph. She was saving her plunge for an audience that counted. "What was the favor, dear?" she asked as an afterthought.

Roger hadn't anticipated this. He had no quick answer. Of one thing he was sure, Ann must not know about Starr's blonde.

"A piece of business, Ann," avoiding her questioning eyes. "It looks as if it might take some time to work it out. I guess, honey, I'd better not repeat secrets of state at home." He kissed her hard on the mouth to make it go down further. It was the first time he had withheld the truth from Ann. He was sure that she could read the lie in his face.

Ann, too, was uncertain as to how to behave. She stood silently in the curve of his arm a moment, then took his face between her hands, looking squarely into his eyes. "It sounds a little like a movie, darling," she said.

Roger hugged her repentantly to him. He was a dirty rat to deceive Ann. But it was Starr's private affair, he argued to himself, and one that wouldn't bear the light of publicity . . . But that was no excuse for your thinking wild thoughts about his woman, the pricking little voice of conscience whispered. He had been unfaithful to Ann in thought.

"Say, Ann," he declared, pulling her toward the kitchen. "I'd like to drink a toast to you."

Ann teased him merrily, at that. But it eased him somewhat to clink a glass of water against hers and say: "To whatever it is you want most."

He wondered why the fire and fervor that had consumed him over the glass with Tiffany Darrel didn't burn now. Well, he thought agitatedly, trying hard to feel the same way, fuming at his inability to stir up that pleasant warmth.

He eyed the empty glass gloomily thinking that it was one of Ann's best and that she would never forgive him, but he crushed it to the floor just the same.

It was Ann who recovered his old self for him. She gazed at the shattered glass in surprise, then seeing Roger's perturbed face and mistaking it, said, "Never mind, darling, you're marked for big things and after a few more months with Dave Starr you'll be where you ought to."

Ann was right. He was cut out for big things. Blame the sentiment!

### CHAPTER V.

**Seeds of Discontent.**

GOING to the Tylers' was a mere matter of stepping across the low railing which divided the porch of the Dutch Colonial double—an architectural style signifying discriminating respectability in 1924. Dutch Colonial was the last word in doubles, embodying the newest features: built-in cabinets and bookcases, colored stains for the woodwork—of which gray was the most popular, and best of all a new kind of mantel, low and wide and made of brick—mostly gray, too, with a harmonizing gray gas log. All to be had for just a few dollars more than the ordinary old-fashioned double.

The Tylers' living room was not as tasty nor as cheerful as their own, Ann mused, as she stood looking through the window while Roger pressed the bell. Ann had managed the velour set and rug to match the woodwork after they had moved into the Colonial, but the Tylers still had their old golden oak with its shiny leather upholstering, worn rough in spots.

They had no piano; in its place was a wide oak table, strewn with a heterogeneous mass: schoolbooks in disorder, an airplane Lloyd was making, his sweater and a red stocking cap of Gloria's. Ann shuddered when she noticed the lamps—she always did. One was black georgette over rose silk, Judy had made herself. The other was a yellow parchment with a dancing girl circling its golden area. Judy was absolutely incomprehensible to Ann. Judy was actually contented in these surroundings.

She saw a mad scramble inside at the sound of the doorbell—Lee coming out of the kitchen, putting on his coat as he came; Judy snatching things from the table; the children popping into the living room.

Lee opened the door, his bronze head blazing under the ceiling light that remained on all the time—shaded lights or no shaded lights—and greeted them warmly. While he motioned them to seats, he congratulated Roger on his promotion.

"Just a lucky break, Lee," Roger dismissed it. He wished like sixty that Lee would get a promotion, too. He was plenty good. Besides, Lee had two kids. "Guess yours will be next."

Tyler laughed easily. His was a nature that leaped over the disappointments of the day to dwell on the fishing trip up the river next Sunday, or the weiner roast with the wife and kids in the Glen Saturday evening. But for all that, there was a lingering gleam in his eyes as he turned away. A man was always hoping for recognition if he was steady and had a family.

"They'd have to train a microscope on me to see me," he said.

"That's what I thought!" exclaimed Roger in a tone of mixed wonder and exultation.

"How'd it come about, Roger?"

Roger took time to disengage Babs who clung babyishly to his arm and would have turned her over to the red haired Gloria, but that young miss was busily doing the new Charleston step on the strip of hardwood floor between the living room rug and the dining room linoleum.

"Gloria Tyler," said Judy imperiously. "I've told you often enough to stop dancing on the bare floor; you're wearing the varnish off."

Gloria was reluctant to stop her dance unappreciated. She transferred her steps to the linoleum directly in the wide doorway.

"You're growing up, Gloria," Roger said, noticing the snappy tilt of her head and the sophisticated hand on her hip. Gloria was a hefty eleven.

She flashed him a look out of deep-set eyes and gave a backward flip of her skirt tail in his direction.

Judy exclaimed: "Gloria!"

Lee shook his head helplessly "I don't know what we're going to do with them. They may keep them busy, but it would take a double shift of parents to keep up with these two kids."

Lloyd stood, hands jammed in his pockets, viewing his sister's performance in boyish scorn.

"I don't think you need worry," Roger said judicially. "Kids as healthy as your two have to have some outlet for their feelings."

They were healthy youngsters. Round firm cheeks, sturdy arms and legs; both with red hair—Gloria's of that breath taking, shimmering Titian; Lloyd's darker, almost the copper bronze of his father's. Gloria with the green eyes of a siren; Lloyd, the brown of Lee's.

"She's going to be a beautiful woman," Ann murmured, feeling that she should make some contribution toward the center of interest. Secretly she was more pleased with her own child's less bizarre but quite as evident beauty.

Gloria, satisfied with her measure of attention, gave a final kick, pushed her unrepentant brother's scowling face in with the flat of her palm, seized Babs for protection and led a stampede to the dining room.

"They're a handful," Lee said, shaking his head again, indulgently, proudly, then dismissed them for the evening with an urgent, "Tell us all about it, old Lucky Break," to Roger.

Roger, too elated for much modesty, related in detail the procedure of his promotion, consciously forbearing to dwell too long on that smile he "handed them." He had an almost uncontrollable urge to tell them of Tiffany Darrel; "——of all the women I've ever seen——" he wanted to say. That, in his estimation, had the other "skinned a city block." Why, man, that proved Starr's trust in him. It was a strong temptation, but discretion got the better of desire and he strangled his ego with the meager, "I've got their eyes on me now, and I'm going to keep them there."

"Bully for you," Lee said whole-heartedly.

Ann listened with a shining face, Judy with polite interest. Anyone who could overlook Lee with his sterling qualities to take up Roger Trent, who showed by the way he turned that smile on and off like a spotlight that he thought himself good-looking, and was too good to help his wife with the wash, and let her fire the furnace mornings, was pretty short-sighted, she thought.

Not that Judy didn't like Roger. She did. It was just when you came to compare the two men, he couldn't hold a candle to Lee.

"Well, Judy," Lee inquired with a merry twinkle in his eye, when Roger had finished, "how'd you like to see your old man president of a bank some day?"

"Don't talk nonsense," Judy said good-humoredly. "Help me with this table."

"That's not much encouragement for him to try, Judy," Ann admonished.

"He'll get as far as he'll go without my pestering him, if he's got it in him," Judy said unconcernedly.

Roger had sprung up to help her with the bridge table but she waved him aside, handing it to Lee. "Let him do it, he has to make some use of those strong arms—fingering bills all day will never keep his muscles hard."

They laughed at that.

"You're a hard driver, Judy," Roger teased.

"Keep them busy and keep them broke," Judy observed comfortably. "Now, Roger, if you let me down tonight, you'll have to come over and wipe dishes for Lee all next week."

Ann laughed, a little aloofly. She didn't relish the idea of anyone's even suggesting that Roger wipe dishes. Judy read her thought.

"Makes them more appreciative of what you have to go through with every day, Ann," she said. "Try it. You're spoiling that man of yours."

"Hey, hey," Roger cried in mock warning. "What are you trying to do, you little minx? Put burs in my mattress?"

"Or lumps in your mashed potatoes," she retorted, leading off with a bid.

Judy was what was described in 1924 as a "cute kid." The slick, new-fangled bob that adorned her black head—copied from a popular actress—and the short dresses heightened that effect, for she had the small undeveloped figure of a child, and a round gamin face in which two gray eyes danced mischievously or sparked angrily as the mood possessed her.

While Gloria was two years older than Babs, Judy was a year younger that Ann. She had married Lee while yet in high school at the puerile age of sixteen and, as she put it, "given birth to her first child nine months and fifteen minutes afterwards—Lee's fault," she always added, "he was six years older and should have known better."

Perhaps that six years' difference was the explanation for Lee's tender paternal attitude toward Judy. He waited on her hand and foot as he would have a spoiled child, did the heavy work about the house and relieved Judy of the burden of making decisions. His explanation was unique; he always delivered it with jocular pride: "When Judy found that she was going to have a baby, she acted as though she were conferring the supreme favor of the universe upon me, and got temperamental. She had me walking the chalk and toeing the mark; if I didn't she'd threaten to die when the time came. Believe me, she trained me right. And she fastened the habit so tight around my neck, I forgot that I ever knew how to act any different."

Anyone who knew Judy could easily believe Lee's tale.

There was no question but what she was spoiled; even the neighbors noticed. "That Judy's a caution," they would say when they saw Lee helping her with the cleaning on Saturday after-

(Continued on Page 19)

Wherever the itching and whatever the cause—whether there is a painful eruption or just the distressing itching, Resinol Ointment relieves it immediately. Its soothing medication is particularly comforting and healing to those suffering from irritations due to acid or other aggravating secretions. Use it anywhere on the body—no parts too tender for its healing touch.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from any drug store. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 9, Baltimore, Md.

When he says
"This IS good!"
YOU SAY (to yourself) "YES! AND THINK OF ITS EXTRA BENEFITS, TOO!"
Post's BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
THE NEW CRISP-PACK

HERE'S THE DELICIOUS-TASTING CEREAL THAT HELPS TO KEEP YOU REGULAR—AND FIT! SO GOOD YOU'LL WANT IT EVERY DAY!

THAT husband of yours! He eats Post's Bran Flakes for one reason only . . . because he thinks it is the finest breakfast dish he ever tasted!

But you, a wise provider, know how much *more* it is than that! You know that for years it has been professionally recommended as a simple, safe precaution against constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet. A dangerous condition that is often the unsuspected cause of headaches, listlessness, "run-down" health.

*Gets at this* CAUSE *of trouble*

Post's Bran Flakes helps to protect you against this trouble. For it provides the necessary bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness, and to insure regular, *normal* elimination of food wastes. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B, a builder of appetite.

That is why Post's Bran Flakes has an important part in this proven program that medical authorities urge: Regular exercise . . . fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet . . . plenty of water to drink between meals. And a generous serving of crisp, fine-flavored Post's Bran Flakes every day.

*Children need it too!*

So start now to serve it regularly to your family—children and adults alike. See how it helps to keep *all* of you fit and regular—*all* the time! Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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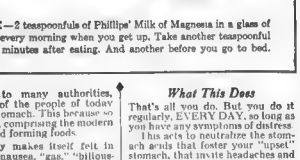
HOW TO GET RID OF ACID STOMACH

*Almost Instant Relief This Way*



TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

According to many authorities, some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it

*Now Quickly and Easily Corrected*

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

*TAKE*—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

*What This Does*

That's all you do. But you do it regularly, EVERY DAY, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.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# BIG TIME

## By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 18)

noons, or wiping dishes in the kitchen at night, or getting breakfast for himself in the Summer so that Judy could sleep late while the children didn't have to go to school. "She's got him trained," they'd snort, "I'd like to see my husband humoring me like that."

"You'd think he'd get tired of having her underfoot all the time," others would remark as they watched Judy rolling up fishing lines and putting bait in the car on Sunday morning preparatory for a day's outing, or when the Tylers left for a ride after the evening meal.

"I'd like to know how she does it?" they would further remark—with slight peevishness—after they had been to Judy's house and had a piece of chocolate from a box "Lee brought home from work Saturday."

"You know," she sometimes said to them with irritating placidity, "if Lee didn't bring me a little present on pay day, I'd lock the door in his face."

"And I believe she'd do it, too," was their emphatic comment. "She's a peppery one—that one."

Judy, as a matter of fact, never let Lee get far wibanious about her. "I married him," she said often, "for companionship. No fun seeing him ride away while I stay home. Anyhow, Lee likes being with me." Besides which, Judy was crazy about her Lee and made no bones about showing it.

"Ma, you're a mess," Gloria said to her occasionally in lighthearted, eleven-year-old raillery, using the Pa and Ma out of devilry, "you make people sick of Pa, necking around him like you do."

"Think you was a couple of love birds in a zoo," Lloyd would growl.

Judy guarded Lee as closely from other women as if he had been a valuable piece of art to be ruined by too much handling. And woe be it for poor Lee if it entered her head that he had looked too admiringly upon another woman. Judy would pout and storm and preach, and accuse him of snatching her from the cradle before she knew enough to look at other men, just to "ruin her whole life." She would descend to such childish antics as finding innumerable unnecessary duties for him to perform, her ire gradually lessening as each was dutifully done, until at last her smile would light her face like the sun breaking through rain clouds and she would capitulate to Lee's warm embraces. It might not have worked with another man. But her open jealousy delighted Lee—who had never been popular with girls—and tickled his vanity. He did her bidding in secret overflowing mirth at her ruffled-hen appearance. There was one woman who thought he was some ■■■!

She never let him forget that he had a family. There was no scrimping on her part so that Lee might be well dressed. She spread his salary sensibly over the four, and arranged their holidays and recreation so as to be together.

There was no putting your finger on the quality with which Judy invested her home with happiness, but she was a pal to each of her two children as well as her husband and the confidant of them all. She listened with anxious solicitude to Lee's recital of a hard day at the bank, then told him a funny story that rocked him with laughter. She left the ironing in the middle of the afternoon to play blindman's-buff with Gloria and Lloyd if they had fought with the neighbor children and were stranded. She let them all in on the troubles and tribulations of her daily life enough so that they were aware that the life of a wife and mother was no bed of roses. In fact, Judy had attained equality with her family.

She was not possessed of social aspirations. To her one was born in his natural stratum and could find pleasure and contentment if he looked for it right where he stood and not have to go gallivanting all over creation for it. It never occurred to her to want to mingle in a set greatly above the one she was in. In truth, she would have been uncomfortable among strangers of a different standard. As for her children, she hoped to keep them healthy, get them through college and see them marry some one like themselves and have a baby or two.

Altogether, she was a fit wife for Lee Tyler, an average man—unbitten by the bug of over-ambition—who got pleasure out of the simple things of life, content to live moderately, shunning the rush and struggle attendant upon great achievement, pleased with the knowledge that he was necessary to his wife and family.

"Been trying to get Judy to let me join the bank baseball club this year," Lee said. "She's about to give in."

"Only if I can go out with him and watch," said Judy, decisively.

"Why, Judy," laughed Ann. "I wouldn't think you'd want to go—it's so dusty."

"That's what I tell her," said Lee.

"I don't mind a little dust," declared Judy. "Not half as much as sitting through a long afternoon waiting for Lee to get home. I wear clear out—and forget half the things I want to tell him."

"You're a little spoofer, Judy," chided Ann, secretly hoping to open Lee's eyes.

"It would be good for you, Lee," said Roger. "Heaven knows we all need more exercise than we get."

"If it's exercise he wants, I can give him plenty at home," Judy maintained. "I'd love to leave the washings for ball club evenings."

"A man needs recreation, Judy," Roger said sharply, wondering at Lee's patience. To his amazement, Lee was instantly on the defensive for Judy.

"She's right," he said. "Summer afternoons are awfully long. And we don't see light enough of each other for a couple trying to bring up two kids."

"Lee's worked so much overtime this Winter that sometimes I've actually felt like a stranger was crawling into my bed at night," Judy said plaintively. "No, sir, no ball club unless I go along."

"You're a crazy kid," laughed Lee, pinching her cheek.

Roger, taking his cue from Lee, said, "Stick to your guns, Judy; you're sure to win out."

Ann sat by, amused. Judy fuming around because Lee wanted to join a ball club. What a help she was to her husband! He probably needed the contact with the other men at the bank. Well, Judy had her way of doing things, but as for herself—a vision of an embossed invitation bearing the Starr crest intruded itself on her mind. She was glad she was not beset by such small notions.

"Judy's a funny little thing," she said to Roger when they were getting ready for bed.

"How do you mean?"

"The way she pulls the wool over Lee's eyes is a crime."

"They're both funny," said Roger ruminatively. "Sometimes I envy them."

"Envy them! What?"

"The way—they enjoy things now."

"Why, Roger! Don't we?"

"Y-e-e-s, in a way. But it is different. They enjoy today as if that's what they've lived for—as if that's what life is. While we always seem to be waiting till we get somewhere before we really throw ourselves heart and soul into it."

Ann was silent. She felt uneasily responsible for Roger's thought.

"Would you want to be like Lee and Judy?" she inquired dubiously.

"No," he said shortly. "I guess after all we're just different brands." Imagine, he finished in thought, David Starr sending Lee Tyler to Tiffany Darrel.

But he couldn't help thinking after he got into bed if he were like Lee Tyler, he wouldn't have Tiffany Darrel at this minute disturbing the placid current of his life, looking straight out at him through the night with her sea blue eyes, walking toward him through the mystery of darkness with that fascinating sway of her hips—curling long streams of smoke at him through space.

"Say, Ann," he said, "Why don't you smoke? It's getting to be a fad."

"Roger!" Ann laughed softly in the dark beside him. "You've been saying the craziest things all evening. There must have been something potent in that drink Dave Starr gave you."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Seeds Grow.

SUMMER and Fall went quickly for Ann, sped by anxious hope. But nothing happened except that Roger came to call David Starr by the more intimate term, D. W., at home, and that he won secret approbation from Starr by his discovery of Jerome's (unbeknown to Jerome) attempt to block the statewide branch system D. W. was set upon.

There had ensued a hard fought battle between the Starr factions, ending in a compromise—suggested by Roger, incidentally—to try the branch system in the city; if it proved successful, to expand throughout the state.

That settled, Jerome took himself cruising in the fiords of Norway, while D. W., satisfied that his opponent was safely out of the way, went to Canada for the Summer.

"Funny," Ann remarked, perusing the guest list of Mrs. David Starr's garden party, "that she didn't go with D. W."

It wasn't funny at all, Roger thought, recalling the shuttered windows of apartment number 21 high up in Oxford Arms. Each time he passed there his gaze strayed toward them. Always they were the same, like blind, gaping eyes turned in his direction. He tried often to call up a picture of her, but she escaped him elusively and was only a blur of dazzling brilliance that whirled tantalizingly close to remembrance for a second; a blur of rose and blue and gold to the accompaniment of a low dulcet melody that must have been her voice.

Ann had thought surely that the Fall, with its football and gay festivity would bring a closer relationship between Roger and D. W.

Football in Mt. Jovite was a common leveler. Everybody went to the games. Everybody asked everybody else if they were going and what they would do afterwards, and parted company with: "Well, see you at the game." Afterward, everybody stopped in alleyways, in dark doorways—shielded by raccoon coats, in hotel rooms and at everybody's table to give everybody a drink or take one. President and office boy met on common footing for that evening.

Ann had expected much from the hectic contagion of football enthusiasm. But aside from a couple of complimentary tickets, D. W. evinced no interest in Roger.

She struggled heroically against the despondency that threatened her. Was she to have one bare taste of promise, one tiny glimpse of what might be—if Dave Starr was of a mind—only to slip back into the same uneventful rut?

She urged Roger incessantly: "Impress yourself upon him Some way. Any way. Only don't let him forget you're alive now."

"I'm doing all I can, Ann," Roger told her fretfully. "I can't get down on my knees and beg favors. D. W. sees more of me than of any other employe. Of course, it is only business—but what else could you expect it to be? The way he goes prying around in my mind for new angles on banking and the way he sics me onto Jerome gets me nutty enough without having you start in when I get home."

"Doesn't he ever get personal?"

"Get personal? How?"

"Invite you to go places—do things with him?"

"Say, Ann, are you getting nutty, too? Don't forget, he's David Starr and I'm Roger Trent."

"That's just it," said Ann, undaunted. "You're Roger Trent, not merely an assistant cashier. You mustn't let up, you must keep yourself before him always. Remember what you said you had their eyes on you now and you were going to keep them there."

Roger regretted having ever made that vain boast. Ann printed it indelibly on his brain that Summer.

She almost came to glory once—so she thought.

At a game in Chicago. They had driven over with a youth from the bank and his girl. Ann was in a state of high excitement; she didn't get to many out-of-town games and they had planned to make a night of it in the city.

At a crucial moment, Ann on her feet, cheering and pounding Roger's shoulder, noticed that he was oblivious of the crowd gone mad with victory. She followed his eyes and saw Dave Starr in a box above with a woman whom she took to be his wife. She collapsed flatly upon the seat, the game forgotten; her mind filling with possibilities... The four of them alone in Chicago . . If only she could manage it... Perhaps the Starrs had no plans for the evening; perhaps all they had to do would be to casually run into them and D. W. would invite Roger to join them. If he didn't, it would be proper for her to ask the Starrs up to their room for a highball Ann thanked heaven for the informality of football

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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| **Combats Nutritional Anemia** | *Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building.* |
| **Helps Protect Teeth and Bones** | *Contains the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C.* |
| **Stimulates Kidney Function** | *Actively helps the kidneys eliminate waste matter from the blood.* |
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# By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to Be a Chorus Girl

(Continued from Double Page)

vival of the fittest went on. "Many are called but few are chosen."

Nowhere is it so true as on the stage that "fine feathers make fine birds." The gorgeous creatures that strut about in footlights have taken the greatest care and given the minutest attention to costume, coiffure, make-up, gesture and pose. But these same gorgeous creatures, stripped of their elegancies & adornments and seen in their sometimes dowdy street clothes as they leave their dressing rooms to go home, are a rather ordinary looking lot.

Even the famous stage beauties fade into rather commonplace looking persons oftentimes when unassisted by the embellishments of art. The much admired British beauty, Lady Diana Manners, is charming in her spiritual loveliness after hours of attention to the details of make-up. But Lady Diana's face appears rather sunken-eyed and hollow-cheeked and her eyes dull after she has removed the things which have made her so artificially lovely.

Having been a "Follies" girl proved to be sufficient credentials to start me in as one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties and, but for my usual hard luck, I might now, perhaps, be banking some of the fabulous Hollywood gold. As I can swim, I happened to be given a part that actually got me into the water all over.

I have swum the Thames River many times for fun and once across the Hudson River, at New York, on a bet, and had no trouble, but on this, my first day in moving pictures, I managed to bump my knee on a rock and hurt it so badly that I was laid up for a month.

I later had one more chance as an extra girl in the movies in a party of society ladies on the deck of a fast speeding yacht. As the weather was supposed to be hot, we were all in light clothing, while powerful fans shot a blast of air at us to simulate a breeze. But the weather was really very cold and the next few days I had to spend in bed, just managing to escape pneumonia. After that I went back to the comparatively simple life of the stage

It was a strange experience when we first played Los Angeles to see before us, in the actual flesh and blood, the great celebrities of the screen. Their presence almost gave us all stage fright, but, whatever they really thought, they appeared to be a most enthusiastic audience.

Let me say here that, if I am to judge by my own experience among the cinema celebrities (and how else, after all, should on fairly judge?), they are a much-maligned lot. I attended supper parties which lasted till the small hours of the morning; I saw at least part in one or two "raids" when we played practical joke on each other; but I saw no evidence of those wild orgies or of the depations with which Hollywood credited, or, rather, blamed.

I give it, in fact, as my opinion that just as almost communities there are a Hollywood one or two people who in for those debauches which re attributed to the cinema folk, ad the whole lot are blamed for basins of the few.

One day I was walking along Sunset Boulevard, gluing intently the various wderful blooms of geraniums, wn I bumped violently into a man who had apparently been walking along looking at the grad absent-mindedly. He was a raw diminutive individual, and as ramed pic- but and very shy begged my pardon he gave a embarrassed little smile. It was that smile which caused me to recognize him

For I had seen it dozens of times, accompanied by a smart derby hat, baggy trousers and large boots. And that was on my first encounter with Charlie Chaplin, whom I found to be perhaps the most melancholy looking person within miles of Los Angeles.

Next on the list of my meetings I put Mr. Thomas Meighan, and when the world-famous Tommy was introduced to me I think I managed to startle him by my first remark.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Meighan," I said, "for I wore your shirt once."

He stared at me and asked me, "When was that?"

I then explained that I had been the guest of his brother-in-law at a Long Island beach one Summer when I was in New York. A party of us were going down to bathe one morning, and when I went to get my bathing costume I found it was quite wet still. I hated the idea of missing my bath, and I told my hostess about my bathing dress. She hunted high and low, but could not find one for me. At last she said:

"Say, Monty, I'll give you a shirt. You can wear that and you'll be quite respectable."

So I went into the water with this man's shirt on, and when I came to take it off later I saw the initials T. M. inside it. I asked my hostess who T. M. was, and then I learned of my reflected glory in wearing the garment of Thomas Meighan.

Mr. Meighan was then playing opposite Martha Mansfield, a former "Follies" girl, with whom I had worked, and, who has often been called the most beautiful of all the "Follies" girls. It will be remembered that Martha met a terrible death while on a vacation in her native State of Texas. Seated in an automobile, she attempted to light a cigarette and the wind blew sparks into her flimsy Summer dress. She instantly became a mass of flames from head to foot and was dead before she could be extricated

If one is keen on dancing, as I always have been, there is ample scope for it in Los Angeles, for at the various ball rooms there are many wonderful performers of both sexes. One evening when I was dancing the girl who was my companion said to me:

"Monty, I've got hold of one of the most famous movie stars for you. Come along and meet him."

My heart beat faster. Who will it be? I asked myself, for I had asked my friend, and she refused to enlighten me. I was all excitement at the idea of meeting some handsome movie idol. My mind ran to Rudolph Valentino, Conway Tearle, and Richard Barthelmess. Already I planned in advance how I might maneuver to get my photograph taken with the star

And my friend brought forward a huge, extraordinary-looking man, who, whatever his other qualities, was a sure non-starter in the beauty stakes. I nearly fainted with disappointment. It was the famous "Bull" Montana who was my dancing partner. I would like to add, however, that I had not been in his company half an hour when I decided he was one of the most amiable and charming men I had ever met, and I soon forgot his unwieldy appearance.

It was in London and not Hollywood that I met and became friendly with another glamorous film star of old—Pearl White, of the deathless "Perils of Pauline" fame. In fact, I "doubled" for Miss White, not in the movies, but at the "London Revue" at the Lyceum. I was supposed to look rather like Pearl, and more than once I was mobbed on leaving the stage door. This saved the star quite a lot of time and trouble, as I signed many autographs for her.

Pearl White was the outstanding hit of this show, which for some reason never clear to me was not a success. I thought it was a rather good show. Pearl amazed me when I first saw her at rehearsal. I expected to see her bejeweled and resplendent in sables, but she turned up in tweeds, woolen stockings, brogues and no street makeup at all. She even carried golf clubs at times.

One night, at the "Follies," the call boy brought to my dressing room a note. I had a premonition that it was my notice from the management that I was no longer needed. It proved to be something worse, though I did not suspect it at the time. The signature was "Clark Kennedy," a stranger, and after looking at that I read the following note:

"Dear Miss Montagu—I have just heard and seen that you are in the show, and I am greatly interested and would like to meet you. For I think I am a distant relative of yours through your Scottish connections on your mother's side. I mean the Lothian family. I should be very glad if you will meet me after the show, and we can have a chat together somewhere." Etc., etc.

This came at one of those psychological moments that intrude upon most every woman's life, when she is discouraged and has no idea what to do next. At such moments she is a ship without a rudder and most any powerful man can tow her wherever he will—on the rocks, usually.

For me the novelty of show business had worn off. I was still a showgirl with no prospects of ever being anything more. Poverty and hard work had become more a grind than an adventure. I could neither bring myself to get splendid clothes and jewels like those of many of my sister workers in the way they got theirs nor could I cease envying these women who out-dressed my friends of Mayfair.

So I answered the note, and I said I would meet him, which I did, at the stage door. I was rather surprised in his appearance, I must admit, for, instead of someone about my own age, or perhaps a shade older—I was 26 then—I found Mr. Clark Kennedy to appear rather elderly and to have a long beard. However, he was unmistakably English, and he was extremely courteous, and after he suggested our having supper somewhere, I accepted his invitation.

We talked of the people whom we had spoken of as our mutual relations, the Marquis of Lothian's family, to which my mother belonged. We spoke of acquaintances we had in common, and the time I spent with him provided an agreeable interlude to the favorite mercenary air which pervaded the dressing rooms of the theatre.

He told me then how he was the owner of an important gold mine in Colorado, and how when the necessary machinery had been installed and the mine was in full swing he would become very wealthy. He said that he expected that state of things to come about very shortly, and then he went on to tell me what a very lonely life he was leading. He had not a relative in America, and, indeed, he had not a single close relation in the world.

"It is pretty sad to think, Miss Montagu," he said in effect, "that when I become a wealthy man, I shall not have a soul to give pleasure to with my money — not a person I can take care of."

I saw no drift in his remarks at that moment, and, indeed, I would only see in Clark Kennedy an elderly man for whom I felt a daughterly interest, if it would indeed be called an interest. He asked me when he left me that night if I would meet him again, and I readily agreed, and so it came about that we began to meet regularly. A further step in our acquaintanceship was taken when he commenced to give me presents.

They were at first of a very conventional nature, and I had no hesitation in accepting them. Flowers led to perfume, gloves led to silk stockings, and when he gave me one day a brooch I made some protesting remark.

"It is nothing—nothing at all," was the reply. "I wish you would let me have the right to give you everything, and become my wife. For, as I told you, I have no one on whom to spend the money I shall soon have, and I would like to feel that when I die there will be someone I am fond of to leave it to."

I was greatly taken aback, for I had never once given a thought to such a proposal. There was the difference in our ages; there was the comparatively short time we had known each other; and such is the influence of one's upbringing that I could hardly think of accepting a proposal of marriage without talking it over with my parents first. I temporized with him and told him I would think it over, and I asked for a couple of days to do so.

I lay all that night, or most of it, thinking very hard. I weighed up my life on the stage and all that it meant for me at present. I cannot say that I was happy in my theatrical work at that moment, and I looked ahead and wondered how it would all work out. Then I thought of having a settled home, and I compared the joys of domesticity to the attractions of a stage career.

When I got up next morning I was still weighing the two in the balance. You will notice that I make no pretension that love entered my thoughts. It did not, and I suppose some of my readers may shake their heads and say that the unfortunate end to my marriage was only what might be expected when I became a man's wife without loving him.

But I differ, for I have come across many of the happiest marriages I have known where the root basis of the union was not love, but a mutual interest, and where husband and wife had each gained some material advantage I do not mean instances where there was no more than a sordid bargain. But I refer to cases where mutual affection was neither given nor demanded.

I was still weighing matters in the balance when I went to visit a girl I had known on my previous stay in America. She had left the stage to be married, and she had settled down in a flat in New York with her husband, who was in a good position with a large printing firm. I found her putting the finishing touches to her housework. It was a spotless little flat, and it was most tastefully furnished. She told me in glowing terms how happy she was and how she would not return to the theatre for anything on earth. She was ideally happy, and she told me proudly that in a short time she expected to become even more happy.

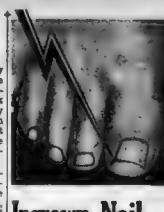
The sight of that friend, established in her own home, and her words to me, weighed down the scales of my indecision, and when I met Mr. Clark Kennedy next day I told him that I would marry him. Then he informed me that after giving me an engagement ring he was going to make a trip out West to the gold mine, and that when he returned we should be married.

He was away for a little over a week, and I carried on, of course, at the theatre as usual. Some of the girls who noticed my engagement ring chaffed me about it, and said that I apparently had to come to New York to find a husband, and that they hoped I had got "a real, rich American." I pointed out that although, as they said, I had come to America and had found a husband there, he was British.

On Mr. Clark Kennedy's return he started to make all preparations for our marriage. One afternoon we were out together, and he said he wanted to call into the bank to cash a check. We went into the bank together, and I noticed that the sum for which he made out the check was an exceedingly large one. But he stuffed the notes in his pocket quite carelessly, and I began to think that he must indeed be extremely wealthy.

At last we were married. I say at last, but it was only in reality a few weeks after I first met Mr. Clark Kennedy that I became his wife! I do not quite know even now why I did so, but I asked him if he would have any objection to a girl friend of mine coming to share the flat which we had taken. I do not know if I had some unconscious feeling that I wanted someone beside me

(Continued on Page 21)

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# By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to Be a Chorus Girl

(Continued from Page 20)

whom I had known for a much longer time than I had known my husband. And so a girl with whom I had been friendly for almost the whole time I had spent previously in the U. S. A. came to live with us.

I well remember that New Year's Eve, for it was the occasion which gave me what I might call the last really pleasant recollection of my brief married life.

I had bought a goose and, along with my girl friend, I cooked it on an open fire. I prepared the sage and onions myself and for the first time in my life I had made a plum pudding which, contrary to my own expectation even, was perfectly eatable. So we spent a most happy New Year's Eve. We discussed hogmenay (last day in the year) in Scotland, for my husband was a Scotsman and I was partly Scottish. And as I greeted the new-born year I looked forward to it as one which would be full of many good things.

I had left the theatre the day I was married. My husband had been most emphatic about this, and he had, in fact, asked me to give up all my friends in the profession. To be candid, this was no great hardship at that time, for I had really made no friends among the girls since my return to America. To use an Americanism, I cut out Broadway, and I threw myself heart and soul into domestic life.

That phase of domestic life lasted but three months! For at the end of that time, for some reason never rightly known to me, our finances had gone down to very low ebb. The gold mine in Colorado was apparently not producing sufficient of its precious metal for us to have any benefit from it.

I was in no way concerned about the success of the mine at that immediate moment, for I had much more pressing, if smaller, affairs to attend to in the shape of visits from the electricity and the gas companies to cut off our supplies owing to our bills not having been paid. I was left without light or heat, except the heat of indignation, and my husband ceased returning to face my unpleasant financial questions. I could still telephone him at his office and he always promised to attend to matters but never did.

So I remembered that roll of bills always carried loose in the pocket of Mr. Jake Shubert, that inexhaustible roll from which I had borrowed the price of a pair of shoes on a snowy day. There was no reason for the Shuberts to view me with a charitable eye, for I had voluntarily gone under another management, but I told him my troubles in the smallest number of words. Even at that, he interrupted by jumping to the unhappy ending of the tale, saying:

"And, of course, there wasn't any gold in his mine and now he has walked out on you, so you want your old job back at the Winter Garden and an advance. How much can you get along with?"

About sixty seconds later I had the necessary loan and the job and Jake was talking to the next person. My husband astonished me by protesting furiously at my return to the stage. He seemed to think that it justified him in deserting me from that day until I found time to divorce him in England.

Saddened and sobered by this and my other disillusioning experiences and later by my mother's death, I returned to England for the funeral. I agreed with my father that I had had my fling, found that there was nothing substantial behind the tinsel of the stage and that I would now settle down to my proper place in society. If I must keep in the public eye, I could babble in political meetings or even be a parlor Communist.

I did settle down for a while. The first week was a delightful change and rest, the second week somewhat of a bore and within three months I could not endure the insipid dullness of it another day and back I went to the stage. That's where I am now and always will be as long as they will have me. It sounds foolish and yet after all, what is life for except to be as happy as you can?—or at least as little unhappy—and for that purpose the stage is the best place for me.

**The End.**

# Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Rigerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 14)

"That's odd," I exclaimed. "He was going to leave it open."

"It was closed," Aunt Hagar repeated, "and locked. I knocked, very softly, so as not to disturb anyone. When he didn't answer, it worried me, so I went back to my room for the key to my door."

"Then the key that's in Doug's lock is yours?" Jimmy exclaimed. "At least that clears up something." He reached into his pocket and brought forth an envelope, carefully folded. "This," he said, "contains another key, which I found in the pocket of Lee's dressing gown."

"Lee's?"

"Yes. Confusing, isn't it? It must be the key to Judith's room, which Phil took to lock their door. Now we find it in Lee's pocket. Oh, well, we'd better not stop to speculate on that now." He turned back to Aunt Hagar. "You were just going into Doug's room, I believe. Did you find the lights on?"

"No; it was dark as a pocket. First I thought Doug had fallen asleep in his chair, but when I turned on the light I saw he was gone."

All of us were leaning forward now, listening intently, and she seemed to gather our attention and enjoy it.

"The French doors were open on to the gallery," she continued, "and everything was blowing about. I was starting over to close them when there was a call from the hill, and, almost immediately, a pistol shot. By that time I'd run out on the gallery and was looking up toward the tomb. I saw Lee lying dead on the steps—only then I didn't know it was Lee, nor that he was dead."

"Did you see Doug?"

"Yes, he was lying at one side, near the foot of the steps. And—" her voice rose in shrill excitement—"I saw something bending over him."

"Something?"

She nodded. "I mean exactly that—something. I couldn't make out whether it was man or woman. All I saw was a shadowy shape in a sort of cloak that flapped in the wind."

"Did you see where it came from?" Jimmy pressed, and she bestowed upon him a slightly malicious smile.

"You won't believe it when I tell you. It came down from the tomb."

In the face of the most rig-

(Continued on Page 22)


# The Beauty Soap of the Stars will make your skin glamorous

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# Scientists Uncover Secrets of Sounder, More Restful SLEEP

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IF you have trouble getting to sleep at night, here is interesting news. If you frequently wake up in the morning only to find yourself seemingly as tired as when you went to bed—these discoveries will be of especial interest.

For scientists have recently been studying the various phases of sleep. And their tests have uncovered extremely important facts.

Perhaps the most significant of the tests reported, was one conducted by a group of Eastern University scientists. This test demonstrated that 83 out of every 100 people were made to sleep better at night by doing just one simple thing.

The simplicity of the method is not its least interesting feature. No drugs nor medicines were given. Simply a unique concentrate, processed from certain natural *foods*—mixed with warm milk and taken shortly before retiring.

In these tests, 2,500 people were picked at random, without regard for the way they usually slept. Each was given the food concentrate for 3 consecutive nights. Then carefully questioned as to how *soon* they fell asleep—and how much *better* they slept.

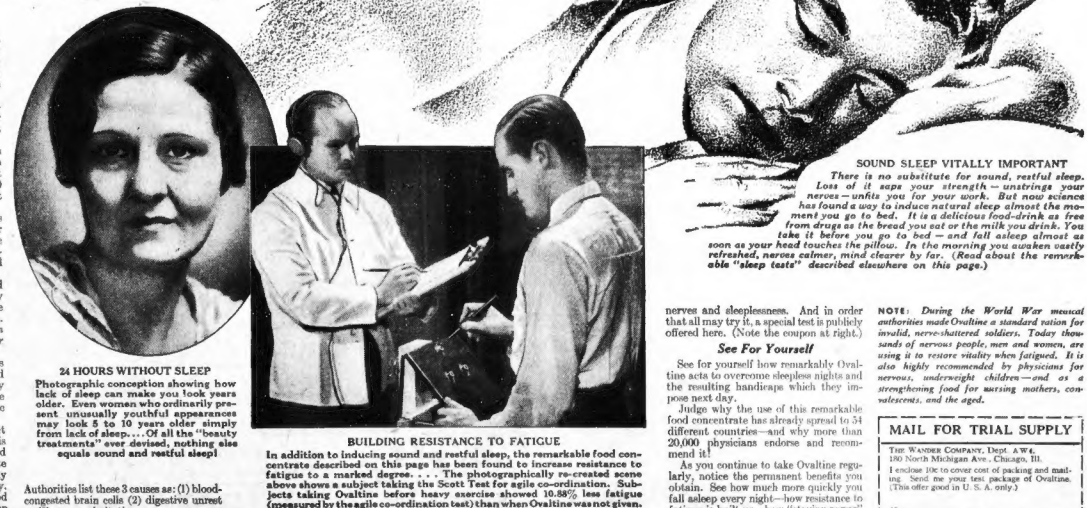
When results were examined it was found that *83 out of every 100* had noted definite improvement in the way they slept! Additional tests also showed more vigor, calmer nerves, resulting from the kind of sleep they got this way.

Particularly illuminating was the fact that many of those who experienced this definite improvement, already classified as "average, good sleepers." Yet despite this fact, they slept even more restfully than before—felt more alert next day. Thus indicating that this remarkable food concentrate not only brings sound sleep quickly—but tends to improve the *quality* of sleep.

### *What It Is*

The food concentrate used as the basis of these remarkable tests is called Ovaltine—first created in Switzerland and now made over here.

Taken with warm milk as a before-bedtime drink, it acts 3 ways to combat the 3 most common causes of sleepless nights.



**24 HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP**

**Photographic conception showing how lack of sleep can make you look years older. Even women who ordinarily present unusually youthful appearances may look 5 to 10 years older simply from lack of sleep. . . . Of all the "beauty treatments" ever devised, nothing else equals sound and restful sleep!**

**BUILDING RESISTANCE TO FATIGUE**

**In addition to inducing sound and restful sleep, the remarkable food concentrate described on this page has been found to increase resistance to fatigue to a marked degree. . . . The photographically re-created scene above shows a subject taking the Scott Test for agile co-ordination. Subjects taking Ovaltine before heavy exercise showed 70.58% less fatigue (measured by the agile co-ordination test) than when Ovaltine was not given.**

**SOUND SLEEP VITALLY IMPORTANT**

***There is no substitute for sound, restful sleep. Loss of it saps your strength—unstrings your nerves—unfits you for your work. But now science has found a way to induce natural sleep almost the moment you go to bed. It is a delicious food-drink as free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. You take it before you go to bed—and fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. (Read about the remarkable "sleep tests" described elsewhere on this page.)***

Authorities list these 3 causes as: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritation.

*First:* When taken warm, before retiring, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood from the brain. Thus reducing mental over-activity and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

*Second:* Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens of a stomach that's over-taxed or "nervous."

*Third:* Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness. And in order that all may try it, a special test is publicly offered here. (Note the coupon at right.)

### *See For Yourself*

See for yourself how remarkably Ovaltine acts to overcome sleepless nights and the resulting handicaps which they impose next day.

Judge why the use of this remarkable food concentrate has already spread to 54 different countries—and why more than 20,000 physicians endorse and recommend it!

As you continue to take Ovaltine regularly, notice the permanent benefits you obtain. See how much more quickly you fall asleep every night—how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

If you wish to try it tonight, simply 'phone your druggist or grocer for a can of Ovaltine *now*. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly and restfully than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

Or if you prefer, send the coupon at right for a generous trial supply.

**NOTE:** *During the World War meatcat authorities made Ovaltine a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Today thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using it to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

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# Delicious Sauces Improve Economy Desserts

*By Mary Lee Swann,*
*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

### Evaporated Milk Fudge Sauce (By Request).

MELT 2 ounces of bitter chocolate over hot water and add ⅔ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup hot water, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, 1¼ cups sugar and ½ teaspoon salt, and stir directly over the fire until it boils. Then cook to 232 deg. F., or soft-ball stage, and add 1 tablespoon butter and cool for ten minutes. Stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat slightly. Reheat over hot water before serving.

### Chocolate Caramel Sauce.

MELT 4 ounces baking chocolate over hot water. Cook 1½ cups granulated sugar with ⅓ cup water until mixture forms a golden brown syrup. Add 1 cup boiling water and simmer until thick. Add slowly to the melted chocolate and blend well.

### Maple Nut Sauce.

BOIL 1 cup maple syrup and 2 tablespoons butter until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire and when slightly cool add ¼ cup cream, plain or whipped, and ½ cup broken nut meats. Serve warm or hot. Reheat over hot water.

### Raspberry Sauce.

DRAIN 1 can of raspberries, reserving the juice for sherbet, drinks, etc. Strain the berries. To 1 cup of pulp add ¾ cup sugar and bring to boiling point. Chill.

### Vanilla Sauce.

BOIL 1 cup sugar and ⅛ cup water to the soft-ball stage, about 238 degrees. Pour slowly over 2 well beaten egg yolks, beating constantly. Beat until thick and creamy. When cold add 1 tablespoon vanilla and 1 cup cream, beaten stiff. Beat until fluffy.

### Marshmallow Peppermint Sauce (By Request).

COOK together a mixture of ⅔ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon corn syrup and ½ cup water, stirring until it boils. Continue cooking to 234 deg. F., or soft-ball stage. Drop 6 marshmallows, quartered, into it and let stand to cool. Beat an egg white until stiff and then continue beating while adding the syrup in a steady even stream. Color green and flavor with peppermint.

### Fluffy Berry Sauce.

WASH and cream ¼ cup butter and add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar gradually. Then add 1 stiffly beaten egg white and 1 cup strained ripe berries. Beat until foamy. Add a few drops lemon juice to develop the flavor.

### Banana Sauce.

PRESS ripe bananas through fruit press or potato ricer. To 2 cups of the pulp add 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 unbeaten egg white and the juice of two lemons. Beat with an egg beater ten minutes or until very light. Serve with rhubarb gelatin or orange sherbet.

### Praline (For Flavoring Ice Cream, Custard, Mousse, Bavarian Cream, etc.).

PUT 1 cup sugar in an iron frying pan. Stir constantly until melted and golden brown. Add ½ cup pecan meats. Mix well, cook 1 minute, and turn into a slightly buttered platter. Set aside until cold. Put in a thick square of cloth, tie securely and pound fine.

### Substitute for Whipped Cream.

COOK 1 cup evaporated milk in top of double boiler 20 minutes. Chill, add 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Add a few drops vanilla and sifted powdered sugar to taste.

### Ice Box Strawberry Shortcake.

WASH 1 pint of ripe strawberries. Press through potato ricer and add ¾ cup powdered sugar. Soak 1 teaspoon gelatin in 4 teaspoons cold water. Melt over hot water. Add gelatin and a few drops lemon juice to strawberry pulp. Set in ice box to chill. Mix 1 pint strained sweetened strawberry pulp with 1 pint cream, beaten until stiff. Put a layer of sponge cake in freezing tray of ice box. Pour slightly congealed gelatin mixture over the cake. Then cover with the cream and strawberry mixture. Freeze. Cut in squares and garnish with choice ripe strawberries.

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# Let Cracker Cookery Give You Outdoor Leisure

SPRING fever, to the accompaniment of budding trees and blossoming tulips, seizes not only romantic young things but also the responsible practical housewife. Now that the first warm and lazy days are here, she feels like moving the furniture around, putting up new hangings, and above all of getting right out of the kitchen, says the director of Applecroft Experiment Station. But the chances are she must still face the problem of providing three nourishing and attractive meals daily for the family. What is the solution?

To make those meals or their dishes of such a type that they can be prepared in shorter time, with less effort and fewer hours spent in the kitchen. In any case, appetites are becoming just as fickle as Spring winds, so that every effort should be made to prepare foods which are easy to digest, and especially attractive in their appearance or eye appeal.

Here is where a new type of cracker cookery may serve to make Spring menus different. Everyone knows that crackers or biscuits are flour products or light breads baked. In this baking, the flour has become digestible, airy in texture and with added flavor. Therefore it follows that if we use baked crackers (in place of flour or ordinary bread) as an ingredient in cooking, that we give the same qualities of light texture, flavor and digestibility to the resulting dish. And that is just what cracker cookery does and why it is so helpful in making meals particularly suited to the Spring menu.

This new idea substitutes crackers rolled or crumbled in place of the usual bread crumbs or flour called for as a thickening agent in the standard recipe. For example, when preparing meat loaf, dishes of the scalloped type, or even puddings, rolled crackers may be substituted for bread or flour or both. Soda or cream crackers when covered with hot milk become thickened and exactly suitable for adding to these dishes in order to give them necessary body. They provide this texture or body but without making the dish floury, heavy or soggy.

Crackers to be used as an ingredient in cooking may be crumbled in two ways, either with the fingers, or rolled with the usual rolling pin. In the latter method, try the trick of placing the desired number of crackers in a large paper bag and rolling within the bag. This keeps the crumbs from scattering and allows them to be easily measured out. In many recipes, use only the soda or cream cracker because it gives a bland neutral taste which blends with all seasonings.

The amount of crumbs depends and varies according to the degree of fineness to which the crackers are crumbled. A smaller number of crackers is required to make one cup, coarsely crumbled than is required to make one cup, finely crumbled.

Another advantage to be found in cracker cookery especially with main dishes is that the crackers provide an extension of the more expensive ingredients. That is, supposing we have only a small amount of hamburg chopped meat, let us add soaked crackers to it and we shall make our small amount of meat extend to serve two more persons. Just now when the housewife is doing her best to stretch every food supply, it's good to know that crackers easily and quickly aid in extending the food budget.

Again, crackers bring the same economy in stiffening leftovers which the best managed household is bound to have on the refrigerator shelves. A saucer of string beans, a bit of hard cheese, a tomato, in themselves just won't do. But soften a generous number of crackers in hot milk, add the beans and the tomato, sprinkle with the cheese, grated, and you have a tasty luncheon dish serving four. Try this cracker method when making au gratin dishes, cheese souffle and all this large class of recipes which taste and look appetizing, but which are built up of scanty ingredients.

However, cracker cookery does not stop at being a thickening agent for main foods. It moves right on toward the dessert and shows the housewife how she can build up dainty desserts and even pastries with the minimum of labor. How many times she thinks she would like a pie, but hesitates because of the trouble and because the oven will overheat the kitchen on this already sultry day. Further, many people like pie and pastry chiefly for its filling or the manner of service, and leave much of the lower crust uneaten on their plate. This quite rightly offends the housewife who has spent time and effort making the crust.

Crackers in their crumbled form make possible a novel and extremely toothsome pastry. What is the usual lower crust in pies? It is flour and shortening blended in a paste, rolled, and shaped into the pie tin as a shallow box in which to hold and later serve the soft and liquid filling. Crackers when crumbled and blended with shortening make a duplicate or substitute crust for any filling.

Crumble the crackers fine and mix with softened butter and sugar. Press this mixture firmly with the fingers against the sides and bottom of a generously buttered pie tin or plate. Then carefully pour in the filling which should be moderately cool so as not to disturb this cracker crust. Heat the finished pie may be returned to the oven in order to set and brown its meringue.

Here is a typical pie recipe and method, and once mastered the housewife can adapt all her usual pie recipes to this novel and easy to make crust:

**Ginger Cream Pie:** 18 large ginger snaps, ½ cup butter, 1 tablespoon granulated sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 ripe bananas. Roll ginger snaps fine. Mix with softened butter and sugar. Press mixture firmly with fingers into a buttered pie plate. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Beat cream and mix with powdered sugar and vanilla. Peel and slice bananas thinly and fold into whipped cream mixture. Fill baked shell with cream.

Another type of dessert which comes rapidly to the fore with the advent of hot weather is the ice-box cake, or more appropriately called the refrigerator dessert. This is familiar in its combination of a light spongelike cake, a thick custard and whipped cream, combined, and left to set and form for at least six hours in the refrigerator. Crackers are an excellent and more wholesome substitute for cake in this kind of dessert. Also because the cracker or biscuit has its own distinctive flavor, such as chocolate snaps, graham crackers, sweetened biscuits, etc., more interesting combinations of cake and filling are possible.

**Here is a Chocolate Suggestion:** Use about 24-30 round chocolate sandwich biscuits. Prepare any vanilla cream using your own recipe. Line pie tin or square shallow mold with the round biscuits, both on sides and bottom. Pour in filling carefully. When cool lay additional biscuits in a top layer. Chill six or more hours in refrigerator. Turn out and serve with whipped cream flavored with mint.

**Rhubarb-Graham Pudding:** Two cups sweetened cooked rhubarb pulp, drained of juice. 18 graham crackers. Whipped cream. Crumble graham crackers and fold into rhubarb. Pour into small pudding dish and chill in refrigerator four hours. Turn out and serve with whipped cream and sweetened rhubarb juice.

**Olive Cheese Salad Mold:** One package cream cheese, ¼ pound cottage cheese, 10 soda crackers, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 cup stuffed olives sliced. Blend cheeses. Crumble crackers fine, add salt and pour hot milk over them. Cool and mix with cheese and onion. Fold in olives. Mold and chill. Unmold, garnish with cress. Serves six.

# Blind-Man's-Buff

*By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements*

*(Continued from Page 21)*

orous questioning, Aunt Hagar still clung to her story. In the end Jimmy Lane dropped the subject, fearing—as he told me later—that she might be led by her fondness for attention to embroider the truth if, indeed, she had not already done so.

The rest of her tale was brief. The dreadful scene she had glimpsed on the hill had been such a shock that she had fainted. The next thing she remembered was coming to herself on the rain-drenched floor of the gallery with the family crowding about her.

Tony's evidence followed. I think all of us had cherished the hope that the figure which Aunt Hagar's imagination had pictured as coming from the tomb was really Tony. But his story, if true, upheld that theory.

"I was in bed," he began, "when I heard Doug's yell... and then a shot from the hill."

"Were you asleep?" Jimmy demanded.

"Yes...no..." He hesitated. "I'm not quite sure. I'd been awake a little while before, but I may have dozed off."

"You're certain you recognized Doug's voice?"

"Yes; certain. I'd turned on the light and was half out of bed when I heard Aunt Hagar scream. I grabbed a bathrobe and put it on while I ran out through the French windows to the gallery..." He broke off. "Perhaps I ought to explain that the door from my room into the hall was locked. I'm hanged if I know how it got that way. It was standing half open when I went to bed, and there wasn't even a key in the lock."

He was speaking the truth about that. At least, there had been no key in his door earlier in the evening when I searched the upper hall. For that matter, there had been none in Jimmy's door, either, and yet he, too, had been locked in.

"My one idea was to get up on the hill and see what the shooting was about. I heard all of you moving around in the hall and thought you'd be after me in no time. I ran out on the gallery and down the north steps, then cut along the back of the house toward the hill path."

"Did you see anyone?"

"No; the trees completely hide the footpath from that end of the house. By the time I reached the path I realized the rest of you weren't following. Call it cowardice if you like. I didn't relish charging up the hill alone, so I decided to get Henry. But his door was locked, and although I knocked fit to rouse the dead I couldn't waken him. Finally I gave it up and started up the hill full speed. When I got to the top, the first thing I saw was Lee's body lying under the light, in the middle of the steps."

"Did you see any sign," Jimmy searched for words, and decided upon a direct quotation from Aunt Hagar, "did you see 'a shadowy shape'?"

"No; just Lee—although I think I saw Doug, too, without realizing it. He was merely a dark spot, you understand, lying in the shadow of the shrubbery."

Tony had little more to contribute. After discovering Lee, he had heard us below on the gallery and had called. We had answered that call by charging up the path and joining him.

Mark, who followed Tony, testified that he had been wakened by Doug's call and the pistol shot. He had lain for a moment stupefied, until Aunt Hagar's scream had brought him to his senses. Without wakening Connie, he had donned his bathrobe and slippers, unlocked his door and run into the hall.

"Our room has no French windows," he added, "or I should probably have gone out to the gallery first. When I reached the hall, Truffles was just running down from Aunt Hagar's room, barking and growling. I heard Jimmy pounding on his door and calling that it was locked. There wasn't any key in sight, so I went back and got the one from my room. As I was fitting it into the lock, Lucia and Prillie came down the hall. After I let you out, Jimmy, Phil climbed in the window from the veranda roof, Judith came from her room, and we all went out to the gallery."

Jimmy nodded thoughtfully and turned to Connie. "Just when did you waken?"

"Oh, not until everyone was out on the gallery. The terrible racket woke me up, but I was so dizzy I couldn't think. By the time I got out, Judith and Lucia were helping Aunt Hagar into Doug's room, and the rest of you were on your way up the hill." Her speech was glib enough, but her eyes were shifting about from one face to another as though questioning the reception of her words. Something was worrying Connie. I decided, worrying her badly. If Jimmy noticed he gave no sign; instead he turned to Lucia, who began quickly:

"When Aunt Hagar screamed, I jumped out of bed and put on my dressing gown. I could hear noises downstairs, Truffles barking, Jimmy pounding, all of you calling back and forth." Like Connie, she was speaking glibly; and, like Connie, she had, I felt, something on her mind which she was anxious not to betray in her speech. "I hurried down to the second floor and joined the rest of you."

"Where did you meet Mrs. Prill?"

"She met me coming up the back stairs." A voice came from the open door of Doug's room, where Mrs. Prill had evidently been listening. "I couldn't sleep and wanted to do a little Bible reading to compose my mind. I'd left my Testament in the kitchen, and when I went down to get it I didn't go right back up again. Thought I'd stop and make myself a cup of hot chocolate on the electric grill. Just as I was pouring out the condensed milk I heard a shot."

"You didn't hear either the call or the scream?"

"No; but that's not surprising. I'm a trifle inclined toward deafness." That was true enough. We had all had occasion to notice it. "The shot frightened me. I got hold of myself and ran up the back stairs, where I found Miss Lucia just coming down from the third floor. That's all I know."

**To Be Continued Next Sunday.**

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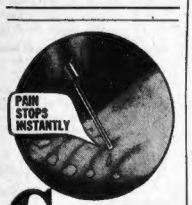


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# The House Is the Husband's, Too!

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

WHAT, if anything, is the matter with our average American home?

Are not many of our homes overcrowded, and, in fact, veritable museums of sentimental souvenirs and personal belongings? Must the mantel, the dresser, the cupboards be loaded with golf cups and club trophies, with photos of relatives and children in their tender years? Let them have a place—but why not in the more intimate sitting room or den, or, best of all, in the room of the owner of those possessions.

It may take bravery to lay aside the cutglass berry bowl or the candlesticks, the jars, the boxes, the scarfs which represent prizes and gifts and general knicknacks—but I believe that just as every gardener knows that a severe Spring pruning and a weeding out of dead canes and wood will result in richer blooms and better fruit, so the same process of relentless clearing out of clutter will make the room and the house bloom more richly with charm, ease, spaciousness and real man's type of comfort.

For spaciousness and privacy are the two handmaidens of the house. Compact, step-saving ideas were and are excellent. But I should like to see a trend toward more spacious and, consequently, more gracious living. We can still retain all of the best of the old ideas of routed work, good placement and efficiency. But shall we not add unto them a feeling of size, atmosphere and vista in which we, and especially our husbands, may have a chance for expansion of personality.

I assert that there is greater need today for these two qualities in a home—spaciousness and privacy—than ever in any previous era. Because our offices are congested, our factories, our shops crowded, our subways and our trolleys noisy and conensed to the utmost. The husband's or the man's place of work, be it factory, shop or office, is organized for condensation, for concentration—*for work,* conflict, gain—high pressure demands. Therefore, as a balance, the home must be organized for exactly the opposite qualities — expansion, leisure, rest, self-confidence and masterfulness, his rightful sense of being boss—especially in his own house.

Now we cannot escape the comment that a good many homes do not provide for such normal, male "he-ness" and sense of mastership even in their physical set-up, or the furnishings. Perhaps the children are made first consideration, not always necessary. As, for example, when I visited recently a young couple where the husband was taking a special correspondence course in a mechanical subject. The house was small and the only room which he might well have used for his experiments and work was given to the second child—each child having an entire room to itself. Now, desirable as is this plan generally, I believe that the husband should have come first and taken that quiet room for his own needs.

In planning and re-decorating the house, the woman too often pleases herself and overlooks her man's taste, which runs, in the majority of cases, to basic essentials: simplicity whether in chairs or in dishes; comfort more than design or decoration; real solid values rather than considerations of style, period or similar dictums.

It may be difficult to believe, but men do not like what I call gift shop interiors. Delightful as are many of the pretty novelties which emerge from gift shops, and rightful in their restricted field, I have a grudge against that woman who, in my opinion, has what I call "the gift shop mind." She overbuys little knicknacks here and there, and is constantly appealed to by a host of tiny items which serve only to clutter up the simplicity and easy housekeeping of the house. I am sure that this Spring, the season when we get out and at everything, there are just vanloads of such trifles which we had better once for all send to the local rummage and charity booths.

If an article is genuine, and has good lines and good design, why "paint the lily" and try and make it something it is not? I feel the same way about gas ranges which appear to be bureaus, or heating units which sham as musical instruments. Don't let the feminine flair for trifles get in the way of its being your husband's house, too!

Privacy, that other handmaiden of the house, is also known too little in our houses, or their surroundings. The neighbors, their yard, their radio, their children and their voices are too close and too insistent.

Why not plan for a hedge, or a wall, a rose or other covered separation between us and the neighbors? Such walls are means of keeping the family separate from its neighbor. True, but this tense life of the moment demands such privacy. If possible, face the porch or piazza to the back yard or green, and not onto the street.

Of privacy in the home itself, volumes might be written. Perhaps at long last when the annals of divorce are written, we may have a whole chapter devoted to "privacy." Here we have less privacy, and make less provision for the man of the house in our homes, than do other lands. Separate rooms, a special den, workroom, study, or what you will, depending on the class and the interests of the man of the house, are essential. For when husband comes home at night he wants the opposite from what he has had before him all day, dull walls, conflict, crowds. He seeks laziness and should be allowed to have it. He wants he-man comfort in chairs and lounges and his smoking or other accessories—the children should be trained not to touch his special articles.

The girl or the woman who is thinking of doing over her home, or who perhaps has just married this Easter, must realize that unless she provides the right kind of home, the husband's spirits are going to sag the moment he enters that house! And when his spirits sag he becomes a pessimist! Comfort-hungry men want rest and peace and good food well cooked and served in a quiet atmosphere. I don't believe that any man—or woman—can have a sane outlook on life unless the very physical and furnishings aspect of the house betoken "rest." It is not too much to say that many a divorce could have been avoided if genuine comfort and considerable privacy had been obtainable between the persons concerned.

## American Weekly Patterns

A DISTINCTIVE DESIGN (7846). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 38, if made as in the large view, will require 3½ yards of 39-inch material together with 1 1-8 yards of contrasting material.

A PRETTY FROCK (7849). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38, with skirt cut on the bias, will require 5⅝ yards of 39-inch material. If made with skirt cut straight it will require 4⅝ yards.

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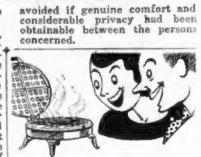
## Appetizing Menus for the Week

*By Mary Lee Swann*

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Bananas, Cereal, Germea Toast, Coffee. | Fruit, Puffy Omelet, Buttered Toast, Coffee. | Cantaloupe or Sliced Oranges, Salt Codfish Hash, Corn Cake, Coffee. | Cooked Fruit, Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee. | Fruit, Oatmeal, Canned Blueberry Muffins. | Strawberries, Fried Hominy, Maple Syrup, Coffee. | Cantaloupe, Dried Beef in Cream, Popovers, Coffee. |
| *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Dinner* |
| Stuffed Tomato Salad, Whole Wheat Gems, Marmalade, Iced Tea. | Cold Sliced Meat (Left-Over from Sunday), Delmonico Potatoes, Reheated Rolls, Fruit. | Jellied Fruit Salad or Spaghetti Italienne, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Gingerbread, Tea. | Turban of Fish, Lemon Sauce, Peas, Saratoga Potatoes, Muffins, Fresh Pineapple, Coffee. | Grilled Sardines, Potato Rolls, Baked Apples with Lemon Sauce, Cup Cakes. | Creamed Tuna Fish in Baking Powder Biscuit Shells, Celery, Apricot Whip, Sponge Cake. | (Pireless Cooker) Braised Beef, Horseradish Sauce, Potatoes, String Beans, Beets, Cottage Pudding. |
| *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Supper* |
| Lamb Chops, Home Fried Potatoes or Noodles, Green Apple Fritters, Beet Green Salad, Individual Caramel Rice Puddings. | Boiled Fowl, Egg Sauce, Steamed Brown Rice, Broiled Egg Plant, Radishes or Cucumber Salad, Chocolate Sponge, Thin Cream. | Vegetable Loaf with Tomato Sauce, Squash, Heart Lettuce Salad, California Dressing, Cheese Straws. | Roast Mutton Chops (English Style), Potatoes, Savory Relish Salad, French Dressing, Banana Sherbet, Sponge Drops. | Baked Fish, Hollandaise Sauce, Browned Pimiento Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Jellied Prunes, Thin Cream. Cookies. | Baked with Cheese and Tomatoes (Italian Style), Lettuce, Cucumber and Chives Salad, Pineapple Cup. | Lettuce, Tomato and Green Pepper Sandwiches, Graham Bread Fruit Butter Sandwiches, Iced Cocoa. |

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*The LUX Way to Save Elasticity*

Wash this 2-minute way:

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38 pieces silk lingerie
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40 children's dresses
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